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The Northern Light... by

A. J. CRONIN

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The Cover



Oh, no! Not just when he's helped bring home the hard-won shopping. It's always at times like this when the dog in your life reminds you that he's not called Rover for nothing. "And," says artist Critchlow, "it's no use trying the old excuse about having to see a man about a d. . . ." The best thing this husband can do is take the lead—by telling his wife to get the lunch and produce the biscuits from that basket. Rover might settle for twice round the garden . . .

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our new feature, "We Advise."

Class Talk

How can we expect our children to speak good English when they are often taught by teachers with deplorable accents?

My wife and I recently returned home after twelve years in New Zealand and we sent our son to a State school. In his first term he began to talk broad Cockney. I put this down to the influence of his classmates and urged him to copy his teacher's pronunciation.

Imagine my surprise when, a few days ago, I was introduced to this teacher and he said: "Smashin' day, isn't it." He frequently interspersed his remarks with "blimey."

It seems to me that these teachers would benefit from a course in the Queen's English. — L. C. D., Lambeth.

Against The Law?

It is illegal for a local authority to let down the tyres of wrongly parked cars ("Free Speech," September 6). Is it not also an offence just to threaten to commit an illegal act? — H. MORRIS, Letchworth, Herts.

"Depends on many factors," says a barrister. "The mere threat to deflate tyres would scarcely be actionable, unless the owner could show that he suffered as a result."

Shattering

The windscreen of my car was shattered by large chipping thrown up from a newly surfaced road. Surely there ought to be a limit to the size of the chipping?—R. A. NIGHTINGALE, Moulsham Drive, Chelmsford.

"Very small chippings do not give a good surface," says the Road Research Laboratory. "Windscreen damage is caused by motorists driving too fast before new surfaces have bedded down."

Wet Walls

Passing some new houses which were almost ready for occupation, I saw that the walls had already been papered. I thought that this was a bad thing to do, because of damp in the plaster. Or is that just an old wives' tale?—ROLAND JARVIS, Kenley Gardens, Hornchurch, Essex.

"Certainly not an old wives' tale," says the Building Research Station. "The chances are that the paper was put on against the builder's advice, for he would have nothing to gain. It is better to use distemper or emulsion paint for the first nine months, as moisture makes paper discolour and fade."

Laughing Matter

Science seems to be disinterested in curing my complaint, even though it causes deep mental distress—I am ticklish.

A friendly nudge in the ribs makes me giggle. I can never visit a masseur or chiropodist, however great the need. Yet I have to keep my sensitivity as secret as possible, for to be known as "being ticklish" is just inviting the attention of tormentors.

When I consulted a doctor about

it, he said that it could not be cured. Are many people similarly afflicted? —L. T., Aldershot.

"An uncommon complaint, but by no means unknown," says a nerve specialist. "It's a hyper-nervous reaction and, sadly, nothing can be done about it."

Teaching Trouble



In front, the Lawrie triplets. Behind them, left to right, are the Carlton and the Hamilton twins. The Wilson twins are standing in the back row

When I read the trials of the man who took up teaching ("Your Children Run My Life," JOHN BULL, September 6) I could not help thinking of my husband.

In his class of thirty-nine pupils at Stane Primary School, Shotts, my husband has one set of triplets and three sets of twins. Imagine the confusion that can cause.—MRS. H. C. LONDON, Clive Street, Shotts, Lanarkshire.

Non-smokers

Our pet budgie has developed a strange addiction to cigarette smoke. He revels in the blue whorls, sneezing and spluttering.

Then follows a weird ritual. He opens his beak wide, puffs out all his plumage and raises his wings over his head, until the tips meet in a most graceful attitude of prayer.—G. COLEMAN, Elsie Villas, Holland Street, Hull.

"This is no addiction," says an ornithologist. "Budgies, with all other birds, dislike smoke. The raising of the wings occurs simply because the budgie is trying to protect its eyes. Constant exposure to fumes may damage the bird's vision and impair its general health."

Amateur Justice

By all means let us get rid of incompetent magistrates ("Free Speech," August 30).

Scottish magistrates who impose inadequate sentences appear to be concerned more with votes at their next election, than with dispensing justice to fit the crime.

Fifty years ago this was not so, when public men had the courage of their convictions. Let us have professionals on the job. Justice is no

work for the amateur.—T. STEELE, Mossneuk Crescent, Wilshaw, Lanarks.

"Under Scottish law, candidates for the magisterial bench are usually senior members of the local authority and are elected by other members," says the Scottish Office. "Almost all of them are persons of high experience of human affairs. Their powers of punishment, however, are very limited."

Wasps At Work

Now that the season of soft fruits is with us again, can anyone tell me where the wasps come from when jam is being made?

I put a spot of jam in a saucer to test its set, place it on the window ledge, and in a few minutes you cannot see the jam for wasps.

Have they a strong sense of smell, sharp eyes, or am I just unlucky?—J. H. W., Dorking, Surrey.

"No one knows for certain what guides wasps to food, but it is probably a strong sense of smell," says a naturalist.

Measuring Up

Mother asks me to get two and three quarter yards of dress material.

Father wants me to buy a piece of curtain rail, eight foot three.

Women reckon their materials in yards and fractions of a yard. Men calculate in feet and inches. Why? —D. ROWELL, Denbigh Avenue, Fulwell, Sunderland.

Pigeon Ring

A friend of mine, now in his sixties, tells me that his grandfather, a corn chandler in the Hoxton district of London, used to visit the City every week on business—and when he was



ready to drive home, by horse and cart, he loosed a pigeon.

The bird arrived home before him and gave his wife time to prepare a meal for his return.

Was this, I wonder, the business man's usual way of "telephoning" in those days? Or was it just his idiosyncrasy?—J. STANTON, Gladsmore Road, London, N.15.

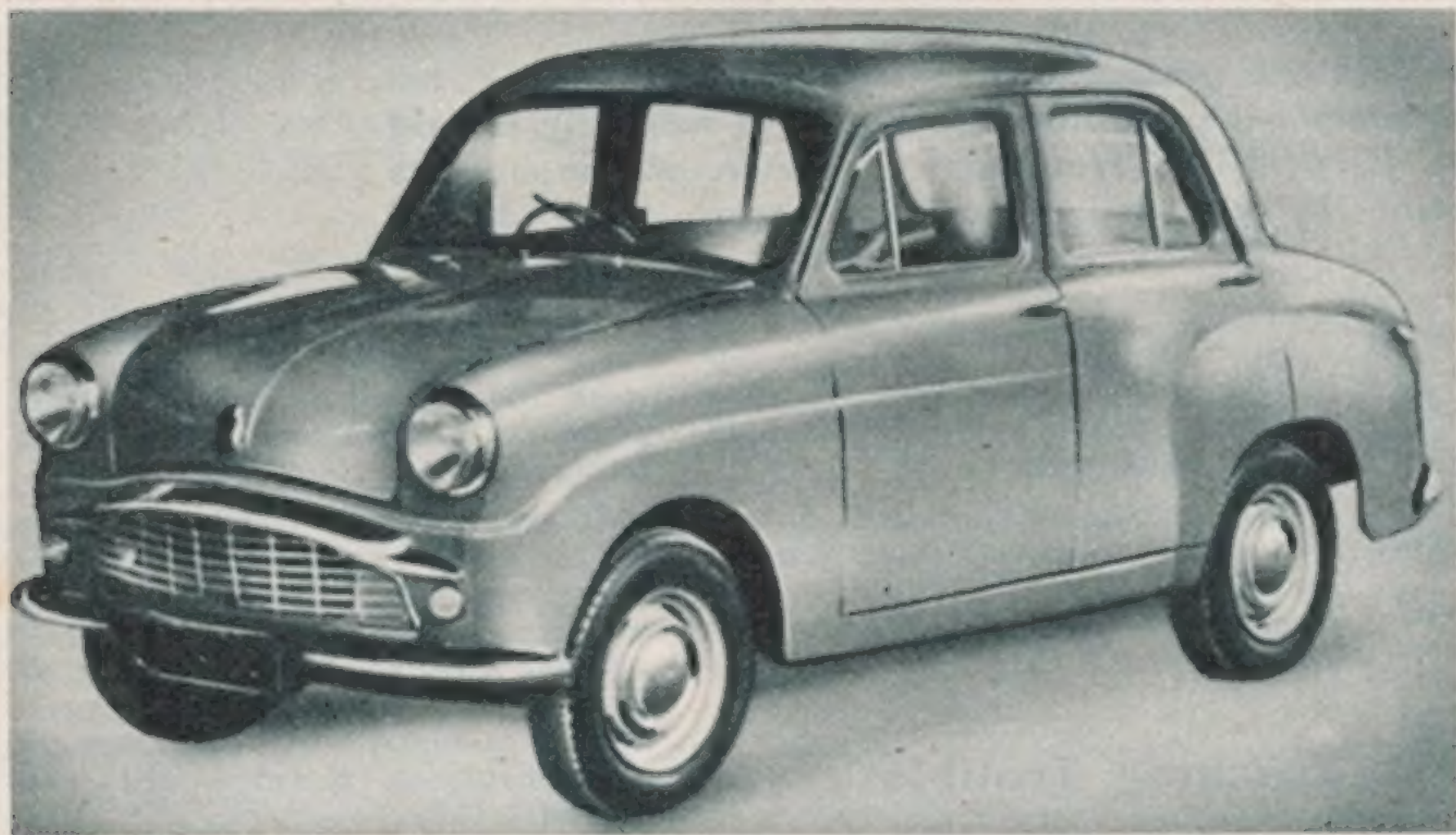
Awful Autumn

I can't understand the people who hate autumn so much.

The moment we approach October my next-door neighbour starts shuddering at imaginary cold winds and bemoaning the coming of another winter. My husband constantly grumbles about the drudgery of autumn gardening jobs—burning leaves, clearing up and overhauling the rockery.

But to me it's the most wonderful part of the year. The leaves may be

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HERE is another fascinating, easy-to-enter two-week competition—and the prize you can win is a brand-new STANDARD TEN (with heater) or £750 cash—FREE! There is no entrance fee. You can have two tries at winning, that is one attempt using this coupon and the other using the coupon in next week's "John Bull."

★ SPECIAL BONUS. If you win and your one envelope contains this coupon and one from "John Bull" October 11 issue, both properly completed, your car or £750 cash prize will be accompanied by an ADDITIONAL £250.

All you have to do is exercise your skill and judgment in building a "Family Favourites" programme of recorded music. Study the 20 musical items listed on coupon and place an X—in ink (pen or ballpoint)—against each of the 10 which you consider would, together, combine into the best-balanced programme of recorded music for all-family listening on an autumn evening.

Before completing and posting your coupon(s) read the instructions carefully.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES

All accepted entries will be examined and a STANDARD TEN with heater, taxed and insured, plus running costs all to a total value of £750 will be awarded to the competitor, who, in the opinion of the judges, selects on an entry coupon the 10 musical items, which, together, would combine into the best-balanced programme of recorded music to entertain the average family.

If preferred, the winner may take £750 cash instead. In the event of a tie, the alternative prize of £750 will be shared among those tying. Also, the bonus will be divided into the same number of portions as there are winners, and each winning competitor who qualifies for a bonus will receive one portion.

Mark 10 crosses only. No order of merit required. Entry accepted only on a coupon, which must be completed in ink—pen or ballpoint. Any entry wholly or partly in pencil will be disqualified as will any bearing alterations or in any way mutilated. No correspondence will be entered into. For this two-week contest, only one coupon per week may be sent in by each reader. To win the bonus award both coupons must be sent in the same envelope.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies (and members of their families) are not eligible to compete. The result will be published in "John Bull" at the earliest date.

IMPORTANT. Before placing your coupon in the envelope copy out, on the outside of the back of the envelope, the key numbers of the 10 musical items you have chosen—in one line and in exactly the same order as they appear on your coupon. If enclosing two coupons (the maximum allowed per person) then two lines of key numbers (one for each coupon) must be written on back of envelope. This is necessary to give you the result as soon as possible. Your entry will be disqualified if this is not done.

Post entry in a sealed envelope (3d. postage) to: Family Favourites Competition, John Bull, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99, to arrive not later than Tuesday, October 21, 1958. No correspondence or coupon for any other competition may be enclosed.

WIN A STANDARD TEN FREE WITH THIS COUPON

Place an X—in ink—in blank spaces
against each of the TEN musical
items you select.

- 1 All I have to do is Dream
- 2 Begin the Beguine
- 3 Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
- 4 Come Back to Sorrento
- 5 Jealousy
- 6 Just an Old-Fashioned Girl
- 7 King and I (Selection)
- 8 Lady of Spain
- 9 Oklahoma (Selection)
- 10 Poet and Peasant (Overture)
- 11 Serenade
(from 'The Student Prince')
- 12 Sheik of Araby
- 13 Somebody Stole My Gal
- 14 Splish Splash
- 15 Stardust
- 16 These Foolish Things
- 17 Tulips from Amsterdam
- 18 Villa (from 'The Merry Widow')
- 19 When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
- 20 William Tell (Overture)

I agree to accept the published result as final,
also the Editor's decision on all matters re-
lating to this competition.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post Now. All entries must arrive
not later than Tuesday, October 21.
This competition is open to readers in the
United Kingdom and Eire only. JB4/10/58

ANOTHER FREE ENTRY
COUPON NEXT WEEK

Free Speech

continued from page 3

a bit of a nuisance, but does any other seasonal scene compare with their glowing colours?

As for cold winds, we usually have the best weather of the year. And even if it does turn chilly, you can't beat a cosy October evening round the hearth with a bag of fresh chestnuts. — MRS. D. SIMPSON, Windsor.

Current Problem

Since moving to East Anglia from the north-west, my electricity bills have soared. I used to pay 5d. a quarter for the first thirty-six units, then a penny a unit afterwards. Now I have to pay a flat 24s. 11d. a quarter, plus 1½d. a unit metered.

These charges are fixed by a Government-controlled authority. How do they explain the fact that they thus raise the cost of living for a section of the community?—H. FAIRBANKS, Second Avenue, Caister-on-Sea, Norfolk.

Before nationalisation there were about 460 different tariff scales up and down Britain, says the Central Electricity Council. Now there are only twelve variations—between the area boards. The differences which still exist are due to local conditions, such as the price of fuel.

Tube Danger

As a retired coastguard, I was horrified by the cover showing a father inflating an inner tube for his family to play with at the seaside (JOHN BULL, September 6).

Wearing tubes may seem safe, until a puff of wind or an off-shore current sends the potential victim into deep water. The same applies when playing with inflatable balls, animals and mattresses.—A. D. BROWNING, Coastguard Cottages, Ramsgate.

"Quite right," says the Royal Lifesaving Society. "These tubes can be dangerous. But the incident portrayed was true to life. Too many people use them."

Bullet Proof

The War Office are wrong when they say there is no such thing as a bulletproof vest ("Free Speech," August 25). I designed one.

Between 1928-40 the Shanghai police used this vest while on routine search patrols. The vest was proof against bullets of up to 1,350 feet per second muzzle velocity, and was made in the police armoury.

During that period sixteen of them were struck by bullets from kidnappers and robbers. In no case did the wearer have to go to hospital.—LT-COL. W. E. FAIRBAIRN, ex-Deputy Commissioner, Shanghai Municipal Police, Crabtree Lane, Lancing, Sussex.

"I remember these vests," says a ballistics expert. "They were known as featherweight shields, although they weighed seventeen pounds and consisted of overlapping steel plates, which were one-eighth of an inch thick."

"They certainly stopped lead bullets at the velocity mentioned—and those are the type most likely to be used at that time by gangs in Shanghai. But prolonged tests have shown that nickel bullets, as used in the West, usually penetrated the shields."

Post Haste

Having often watched postmen scoop the mail from letterboxes, I am wondering if it would not be

better to clip in an empty bag, replacing it when full.

This might well save valuable time. — W. R. HILL, Belgravia Avenue, Belfast.

Unclipping the used bag and putting in the new one would take much longer than the present system, says the G.P.O. And each postman on collecting duty would have to carry about twenty bags with him on his round.

Handle With Care

Why do some car manufacturers make door handles which point to the front?

Driving along a narrow street, I passed a stationary refuse cart. The dustman waved me on, but a few



seconds later I heard him shouting. He was running at ten miles an hour, hitched to my car handle. There could have been a serious accident.—T. G. MITCHELL, St. Giles-in-the-Wold, Torrington, N. Devon.

Modern forward-pointing door handles are recessed and rounded to reduce the risk of catching anyone, says the Society of Motor Manufacturers. They have the advantage of great strength, because they need few linkages. But since 1954 all British cars, except one model, have been made with rear-pointing handles—the result of new design techniques.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

JOHN BULL has pride in announcing that its unique Free Insurance Gift will continue in force, with the same benefits and conditions as apply at present, until December 31, 1959, unless previously terminated or amended by publication of notice in JOHN BULL. Registered readers automatically qualify for the benefits of the scheme. They need not re-register. But if any change of address or newsagent has taken place, full details must be sent to JOHN BULL Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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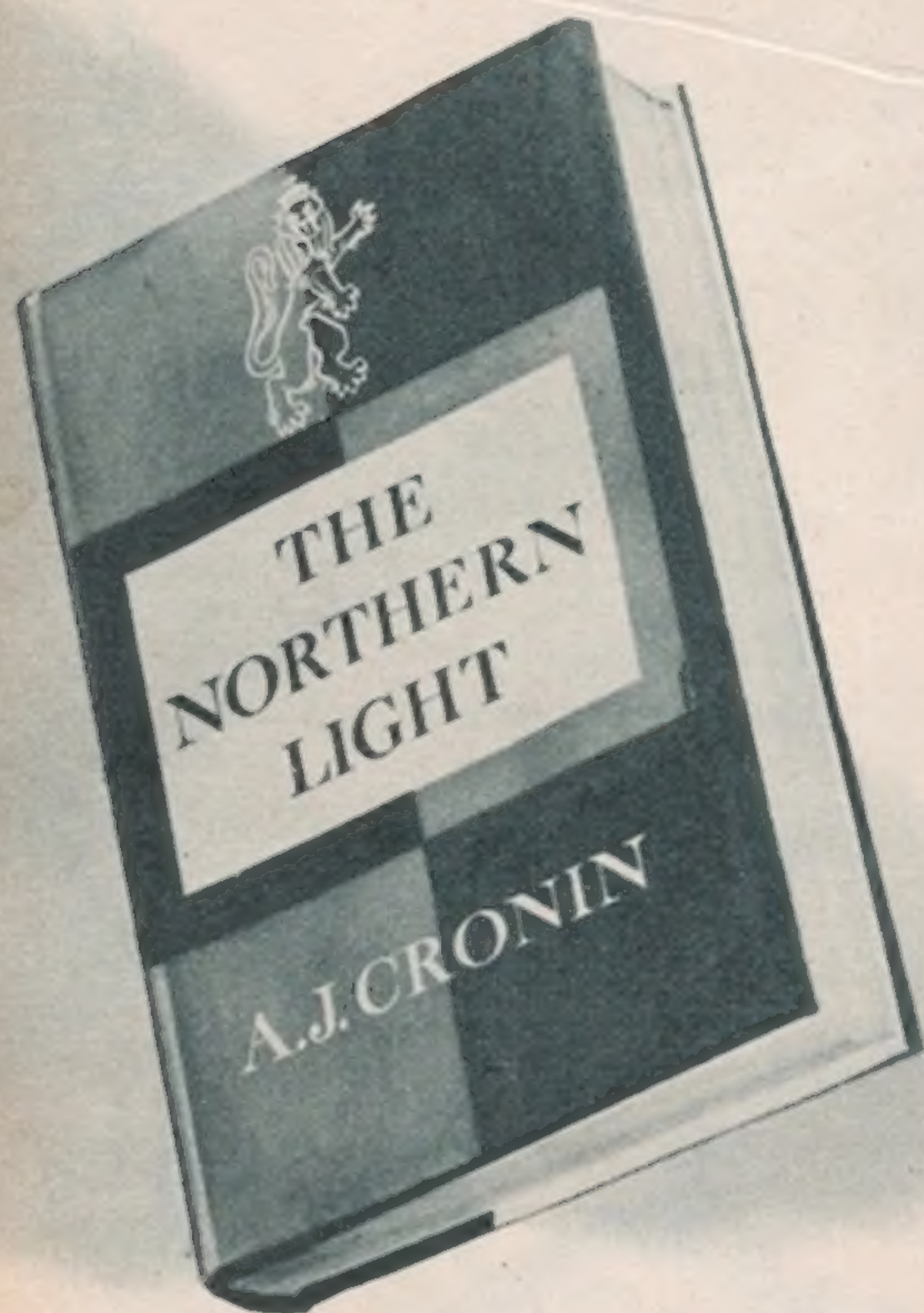
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JOHN BULL presents

'THE NORTHERN LIGHT'

This year's most
controversial novel... by

A.J. CRONIN



It was past eight on St. Mark's church clock that damp February evening when Henry Page said good night to Maitland, his chief assistant editor, and came out of the *Northern Light* building. The leading article for Monday had kept him later than usual—even with twenty years' experience his composition was not particularly fluent, and that extraordinary call from Vernon Somerville had delayed and distracted him.

His wife was using the car and he intended walking home—lately Dr. Bard had been urging him towards more exercise of a moderate sort—but now, because of the hour, he decided to take the tram.

As it was Saturday night, not many people were about the Mealmarket—the old, commercial part of Hedleston, a network of narrow wynds and passages converging on Victoria Square where Page's offices and printing plant occupied part of an Adam terrace.

A short cut through Dean's Close took him to the main thoroughfare. At the stopping place there was no queue, the Wooton tram was half empty, yet when Henry counted the *Northern Lights*—a lifetime habit—there were four on view. An artisan with a tool kit at his feet, a man of about sixty, was reading his current editorial through steel-rimmed spectacles, holding it up to the dim electric bulb in the corner, his lips moving on the words. Henry found a comforting warmth in the thought that he did occasionally manage to reach, and influence, the ordinary people of the town, towards whom he had a troubling sense of responsibility.

At Hanley Drive he got off. Taking the steps to his front door rather slowly, he felt for his

latchkey. In the hall, as he hung up his coat, he listened for a moment and was reassured by the absence of sounds of social activities.

He went into the dining-room, where his place had been left set, and, feeling along the carpet with his foot, pressed the bell. Presently a tall, bony woman with a scoured complexion and red, chapped hands, dressed severely in black, brought sliced mutton, potatoes and cabbage.

"I'm afraid it's a trifle overlong in the oven, Mr. Page."

"I'll have a go at it," Henry said. "But bring me some biscuits and cheese, in case."

For this desiccated repast Henry held himself entirely to blame—nobody, he felt, could cope with a timetable so irregular as his, and he had long ago agreed that seven sharp should be the fixed hour for dinner. In any case, he was not particularly hungry tonight; he managed fairly well with the Cheddar and biscuits and went into the library.

Alice, his wife, was on the sofa with Dorothy. They were doing the crossword. It pleased Page to see his daughter at home: since she had started travelling to her art classes in Tyne-castle, she had been out rather too often and too late for a sixteen-year-old.

"Dad," she complained without looking up, "your crosswords are strictly non-U."

"They're meant for moderately intelligent people." Stooping, Page made up the fire. "What's your trouble?"

"The South Sea name of Robert Louis Stevenson."

"Try Tusitala . . . and if you read a book occasionally you might know more about him."

She tossed her hair, tied in a pony-tail.

"I bet you looked at the answers in the office. And I did see his movie—*Treasure Of The Island*."

Henry was silent, wondering, as he often did, how his children could be so totally opposite—David so brilliant and studious, Dorothy a perfect scatterbrain. He had been optimistic, too, in assuming that she had suddenly become domesticated, for his wife remarked:

"Dorrie has an invitation tonight—a television party at the Wellsbys'." In a well-bred manner Alice gave the name its due value—Sir

Archibald Wellsby, banker and boot manufacturer, was Hedleston's local knight, and Eleanor, his wife, Alice's chosen intimate.

"But surely. . . ." Henry looked at his watch. "It's nearly ten already."

"Don't be a stick, Henry. If you won't let the child have a television set in the house, you can't stop her going out to look at one."

Dorothy was already on her way to the door. When she had gone, he couldn't help protesting.

"She's getting out of hand. Why in heaven's name you let her go to that confounded art school. . . . These kids do nothing but sit in the Tyne-castle cafés, gossip and drink coffee, when they're not idling their time away at the cinema. . . . You know she hasn't a grain of talent."

"Perhaps not. But she meets nice young people there. Lady Allerton's son is in Dorrie's section . . . and the de Cressy girl. That's quite important. After all, we don't want another disaster, do we, dear?"

As Henry gave no answer she put aside the crossword and took up her needle-point. Presently, between stitches, she began an account of the afternoon party she had attended, describing those present, the dresses, the hats, gloves and varying hairdos, an epic to which, through long experience, Page was able to close his ears while appearing to listen.

THE business of that telephone call from Vernon Somerville still lay on his mind. It puzzled him. He had been briefly introduced to Somerville at a publishers' dinner in London—it was for the Associated News-vendors' Charities three years ago—yet he had never imagined that so prominent a personality would remember an unimportant provincial editor like himself nor, for that matter, that his opinion of the *Light* should be so favourable. The owner of the *Morning Gazette* ought surely to hold an opposite view.

"Henry, are you listening?"

Page started. "Sorry, my dear."

"Really . . . you are very unkind."

"The truth is," he apologized, "there's something on my mind tonight."

"Your mind? Good gracious . . . what?"

As a rule, Henry never discussed the

Smith and
Nye—the
men who
didn't
stop at
blackmail



Cora brought
peace to David
when he was
paralysed
by fear



*A tense drama of our
time... the story of one
man's fight
against
corruption
for the
sake of an
ideal*

The offer thrilled
Page's wife. "Just
think what we could
do with the money,"
she said. He told
her: "I won't sell"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI



'The Northern Light'

continued from previous page

affairs of the paper at home. In the early days of his marriage he had done so with the weirdest consequences, but this evening he felt a need to confide.

"As a matter of fact, I had an offer for the paper today."

"An offer? To buy it?" Alice sat up. "But how exciting! Who was it?"

"Somerville of the *Gazette*."

"Vernon Somerville? Henry, this is rather thrilling. Was the offer . . . ?"

She broke off discreetly.

"My dear, since I did not accept, I have no objection to your knowing. It was fifty thousand pounds."

"Goodness! What an amount!" Her eyes became ingenuously remote. "Just think what one could do with that . . . travel . . . see the world. Oh, Henry, you know I've always wanted to see Hawaii."

"I'm sorry, my dear. Hawaii will have to wait."

"You mean, you won't accept."

"Somerville already has three publications—that raffish weekly of his and the *Sunday Argus* in addition to the *Morning Gazette*. I can't see he has any need of another. Besides, he'd—he checked himself—"be rather too go-ahead for our little property."

There was a pause.

"But it seems such a chance," Alice resumed, rethreading her needle and taking on a light, persuasive air. "You know you haven't been well lately. And Dr. Bard keeps telling you that high pressure and irregular hours don't suit you."

"You'd like me to retire. To a villa in Torquay perhaps? I'd be unutterably miserable. My whole life is in the paper, Alice. And I've made it something, too."

"David could take over."

"Don't be absurd, Alice. If Somerville bought he wouldn't have a look in. And you know how I've built on him, once he's fit again."

"But, fifty thousand pounds. . . ."

"My dear, if that amount dazzles you, let me assure you the property is worth at least double."

Momentarily she was startled.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "Perhaps if you hold off he'll offer more."

"No, Alice," he said mildly. "I told him positively I would never sell."

After this she was silent. She resumed her needlepoint, turning the news over and over in her mind. While as yet she did not quite know what to make of it, she was both excited and displeased by the attitude Henry had taken up.

PAGE was annoyed with himself. Surely experience should have taught him the futility of opening his heart to Alice. Yet some unfulfilled need in his nature drove him to it, and always with the same result.

At last Alice said, rather shortly:

"Are you going to Sleedon tomorrow?"

"Of course . . . it's the end of the month. Do you want to come?"

She shook her head. He had known that she would refuse. David's marriage had not satisfied her; there remained a smarting sense of disappointment, the aftermath of frustrated ambition, at what she referred to privately as the "disaster." It was one of her good qualities that she had always wanted the best for her children, and Cora, who, in Henry's view, was most things that a woman should be, did not fulfil those exacting requirements which she had looked for in the wife of her son.

The shock of that first meeting, when David appeared, unexpectedly, with a strange young woman, tall, pale, and a little frightened, on his arm, had passed, but there still were difficulties and objections—the word "common," in particular, although never spoken, seemed held back only by an effort that demanded all of Alice's ladylike restraint. Now indeed, the irritation of her mood, for which Henry was

responsible, made her suddenly exclaim:

"I wish you'd try and get them into town a little oftener. Let them come to a dance, or a concert. Be seen with us. People do talk, you know. It's so unnatural, living out there in the wilds. What our friends make of it all I shudder to think."

Wisely, he checked the obvious answer.

"Very well, my dear," he said. "I'll mention it."

NEXT day came fine and fresh with only a few clouds streaking the blue sky—invigorating weather. Although Page's forbears were strongly evangelical in their beliefs he was not a regular churchgoer. When his wife and Dorothy set off for eleven-o'clock service, he cut some early flowers from the back lawn for Cora, picked up a book that had come in for review that he thought would interest David, and got into the car.

On the open road to Sleedon, his troubled mood of the previous evening gone, he felt unusually free. He enjoyed getting down to the sea occasionally, especially at Sleedon, which, although so near to Hedleston, remained the most unspoiled fishing village on all the north-east coast.

Now the low outline of Sleedon lay before him. The spray was smoking against the breakwater of the harbour as he drove along the front, past the moored smacks and the drying nets, round the whitewashed coastguard

station and up the cliff to David's cottage.

As he came over the sandy crest he saw Cora waiting at the gate. Bare-headed, blue-black hair flying about wind-blown cheeks, her dark red dress moulded upon her long limbs, she seemed to radiate that warmth and tenderness which had been the restoration of his son. She pressed his hand in both of hers, and he knew she was glad to see him.

"How is David?" he asked.

"A proper good week. He's upstairs now . . . at the writing." As they went in she glanced up at the attic window, from which there came the sounds of a Bartok concerto. "I'll call him."

But Page was chary of disturbing David. His book, on pre-Islamic poetry, a subject that had interested him since he was at Balliol, was a stiff proposition. In the past six months he had taught himself three Arabic dialects and was now translating *Kital al-Aghani*, the *Book of Songs*. Better not risk breaking his concentration.

Cora saw this hesitation. She smiled.

"Dinner won't be more than half an hour, anyway."

The daffodils pleased her beyond Henry's expectations. When she had admired and arranged them, in too tight a bunch, she led him into the garden, which lay at the back of the house, protected from the prevailing breeze by a dry-stone wall, and showed what she had done in the past week. A new vegetable plot had been prepared and neatly laid out in the somewhat stony enclosure.

"And who did the digging?"

"Me, of course." She laughed happily.

"Isn't it too much for you? With

the house, and the cooking . . . and David."

"Oh no . . . no. I'm strong, I am. And I'm right fond of the garden." She looked at him shyly, with real feeling. "You see, I didn't never have the chance before."

When she left to go into the kitchen Henry paced up and down the narrow ash path, reflecting, without unkindness, on that "I didn't never." Well, what of it? He'd rather have a good-hearted woman than a perfect grammarian, especially when that woman was Cora.

Soon she was calling him from the back door. In the front room the table was laid with a freshly laundered cloth; the cutlery, carvers, and china—in fact, all the little things he had given them—were noticeably displayed; and a promising roast chicken lay crisp and golden on the dish.

As they waited, the long-playing record upstairs was switched off and a moment later David came in—a trifle aloof, as usual, yet Page saw at once that he was in one of his good moods. He looked well, too, and in spite of his usual queer rig-out—turtle-necked sweater, buff corduroys, and worn suede shoes—one couldn't help thinking what a handsome chap he was—extremely tall, like Cora, though thin, still much too thin, with soft hair, a good skin, and fine even teeth.

"Work going well?" Henry asked him, while Cora was busy carving.

"Pretty fair." David accepted detachedly the tempting arrangement of wing, brussels sprouts, and mashed potatoes which she handed him, studied it for a few moments, then took up a fork and began to eat.

Henry gave him a quick doubtful glance. Yet, recollecting those days when his son sat, head down and hands pressed rigidly between his knees, staring at the floor, fixed in a frightful depression, it was a relief to see him so much improved.

The nights had been worse, endlessly without sleep, pervaded by fears of an unknown enemy. His military service had not been abnormally severe, yet the strain had produced an extreme sensibility which had persisted during his years at Oxford and ended, some eighteen months ago, in a serious nervous breakdown. Obsessive neuroses with a trace of paranoia, Bard called it, but Henry could not agree when the doctor insisted that he had noted pronounced neurotic tendencies in David as a boy—an outrageous opinion that almost broke their long friendship.

But it made little difference now. This marriage, so extraordinary yet so fortunate, had saved David. A chance meeting on the front at Scarborough, where he had gone for vocational therapy; then, from weaving baskets with a blank face, he was home, still shaken, but restored, and with a new confidence in the future.

It was their custom to take a walk together after dinner, but this afternoon David excused himself and went upstairs to work. Cora, however, already had her coat on, so she and Henry started off for the harbour.

THEY did not talk at first. She had a gift of silent companionship which made him feel that he had known her for years.

When they crossed the sandy cove, their feet crackling the dry, banked seaweed, and turned on to the breakwater, she took his arm, giving herself to the strong sea breeze with a kind of joyful abandon.

"You should have a warmer coat." He had noticed that hers was of worn serge.

"I'm not a bit cold." Then: "Don't you love it out here?"

"Yes," he said. It was a tonic to be with her.

At the end of the deserted pier they stood in the shelter of the lifeboat station watching the circling and swooping of the gulls. The wide sea was before them; the wind came salt and keen from the waves. He had the

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THE DOCTOR WHO BECAME A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR



A YOUNG doctor employed by a coal mining company received an urgent call. A miner was trapped deep underground. Dr. A. J. Cronin was on his honeymoon, but he dashed to the pit to amputate the man's leg by the light of miners' lamps.

His reputation as a doctor grew. In London he built a successful practice, but his ambition was to become a novelist. In 1930 he abandoned medicine to write. He drew on his mining experiences for *The Stars Look Down* and on his knowledge of medicine for *The Citadel*—two great novels which followed his first success, *Hatter's Castle*.

For nearly thirty years A. J. Cronin has been one of Britain's foremost novelists. Forty million copies of his books have been sold, and now he commands a following matched by few contemporary authors. Many of his readers came to know him through the films of his powerful stories, among them *The Keys of the Kingdom* and *The Green Years*.

He now lives by Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, where he indulges his hobbies of golf, tennis, gardening and fishing.

A mother's thwarted ambition; a husband's genius and her own ruthless drive. These transformed a gawky urchin into the world's top star



Mother says goodbye as Sophia leaves for a filming trip. She once said: "I have to push her all the time"

The Key to Sophia Loren

by CHARLES MARSHALL

SOPHIA LOREN, the Italian film actress, recently took her first holiday in two years. The buxom, glamorous girl, who only eight years ago was a rather gawky, semi-illiterate urchin living near Naples, left her millionaire's apartment in Park Avenue, New York.

She left the art treasures it contains—the head of Christ in stained glass by Roualt, the Braque (second period), the seventeenth-century miniatures, the abstract sculptures and the Impressionist paintings—and flew off to the millionaires' playground of St. Tropez, on the French Riviera.

With her went her bodyguard, Basilio Franchina, to deliver her safely to her husband, the film producer Carlo Ponti.

Unhappily, her mother, Romilda

Villani, who with Franchina and Ponti completes the trio which has manoeuvred Sophia to stardom, was not at the airport to complete the reunion. These days, Romilda prefers to stay at home, still near Naples—living (with thirteen other relatives) on the fabulous earnings she has helped her daughter to achieve.

Before she began her holiday, twenty-four year old Miss Loren had just completed work on her tenth film within two years.

Without a break she had moved from one production to the next, working on exhausting locations across Spain, the Aegean Sea, the Libyan desert, England and the United States. For each film she is reported to have received at least £70,000.

Her impressive list of co-stars includes Trevor Howard, William Holden, Alan

Ladd, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, George Sanders, Tab Hunter. No other film actress in the world is currently in such demand, so busy or making so much money.

A few months ago, the Cinderella story became complete when she met the Queen in London and carried on an intelligent and lively conversation with her in near-impeccable English. More than anything else, this occasion represented for her mother the crowning achievement of her daughter's career.

It is said that Romilda, now forty-seven, always intended that Sophia should win the fame and success which she herself fervently desired but never attained.

Two years before her daughter's birth, Romilda struggled to break into films. In 1932, when M-G-M organized a competition to find the double of Greta

Garbo, she won a local heat. But she was unplaced nationally.

Undiscouraged, Romilda got a small part in a film. It was never finished. She joined a small theatrical review and did, among other things, imitations of Greta Garbo.

In Naples she met Riccardo Scicolone. They went to Rome, where she sang with a café orchestra. On September 20, 1934, she had a child, a girl, by Scicolone. The couple never married and soon after the birth Romilda returned to her parents' home in Pozzuoli, her career in films prematurely ended by the arrival of the baby Lella.

Fifteen years later, Romilda again set out for Rome in search of fame in films, this time not for herself but for her daughter, alias Sophia Loren.

In the years between, Sophia developed only slowly the physical attributes



Sophia, aged four, on Mother's knee. Before Sophia was born her mother was on the stage—imitating Greta Garbo



At fifteen, Sophia, tall and thin, played the piano at a school concert. The same year she "began to grow the other ways," left school, won a beauty contest and entered films

The Key to Sophia Loren

continued from previous page

which have helped her towards her (or was it her mother's?) goal.

She was thin and had protruding teeth. She was nicknamed Toothpick. She grew too tall for her age, flat-chested, big-boned, ungraceful.

In her new-found confidence as a world star she may have forgotten her agony of shyness as her mother, years ago, forced her into a bathing costume to be photographed for a local beauty competition.

Her mother is on record as saying then: "I have to push her from behind all the time. She doesn't seem to have any go."

"Sometimes I think she's stubborn. Other times I wonder if she's not just plain stupid."

To Enzo Conte, the Pozzuoli photographer who photographed Sophia (and who had to wait for his fee), Romilda sang only her daughter's praises. "Sophia is our future," she said. "Mark my words." Conte admits that he couldn't see it.

At fifteen, Sophia stopped growing taller and, as she put it later, "began to grow the other ways."

Her mother entered her for a Pozzuoli beauty contest. She won it. On the strength of this, Romilda took her to a tutor in Naples, Pino Serpi, for lessons in acting.

Serpi says: "Sophia not only couldn't speak Italian properly; she couldn't

even speak the Naples dialect, merely the Pozzuoli dialect.

A few months later her mother decided to take her to Rome to try her luck at the great film centre of Cinecittà. By a fluke, both mother and daughter walked immediately into parts as extras in *Quo Vadis*. Sophia subsequently got small parts in second-rate feature films. In one, *It's Him, Yes, Yes*, she was filmed semi-nude for the version shown in France.

She filled her idle time working as a model for a romance magazine. Another product of this financially lean period in her life was a set of two hundred photographs of Sophia. They are still sold in America—advertised as "Not just pictures, but the kind all men love to see."

In 1950, the force behind Sophia, pushing her forward, changed from her mother to Carlo Ponti, the Italian producer-director.

Ponti, then in partnership with another famous director-producer, Dino De Laurentiis, was not impressed with the seventeen-year-old girl when she was brought to his notice. But he gave her a trial in a documentary, *Africa Under The Seas*, shot in the Red Sea.

When he saw how she came out on film he signed a £26-a-week contract with her to run for seven years.

Legally, Ponti was not bound to pay Sophia a penny more until the contract

expired in 1957, but when the Italian film-going public took to her he quickly raised her salary. Soon she received £1,150 and a bonus of about £2,675 for each film.

Ponti went further than that: he dissolved his partnership with De Laurentiis and devoted nearly all his time to promoting Miss Loren. He looked for good film rôles which would display her talents to best advantage. And he appointed a lean-faced ex-journalist named Basilio Franchina as her mentor, tutor and bodyguard.

Franchina, soon nicknamed Sophia's bulldog, accompanied her almost everywhere, saw her on and off airliners and through the Customs, stage-managed her press conferences and kept over-eager fans at bay.

Her 'war' with La Lollo

Behind the scenes Franchina played the *Pygmalion* rôle of Professor Higgins. He not only coached her in acting and elocution but selected her reading matter with a view to broadening her horizon and general education.

On the screen, under Ponti's guidance, Sophia became a big box office draw throughout Western Europe. Her performances in *The Luck Of Being A Woman* and *Woman Of The River* caught the attention of Stanley Kramer, the American producer, and negotiations opened for her to star in *The Pride And The Passion* with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra.

Lella Scicolone, the girl from the Italian slums, had arrived.

The transformation was not entirely

the work of the triumvirate behind her. Once her mother had shown her the prizes to be won—and convinced her that she could win them—Sophia applied herself to her film career with a ruthless single-mindedness.

At the time, Gina Lollobrigida and Silvana Mangano were the leading stars of Italian films. With Ponti, Sophia evolved a plan to beat these two at their own game.

She posed for pictures designed to shock and to show that she had more than La Lollo. And shock they did. One photograph of her resulted in the Rome police confiscating the entire issue of a magazine. The editor was fined £50.

For months, Sophia argued that she had a greater bust measurement than Miss Lollobrigida. And she was right.

When Silvana Mangano, in the film *Bitter Rice*, waded through the swamps of Northern Italy to a box office success, Sophia decided that she should do the same in *Woman Of The River*. This was the performance which caught Kramer's attention.

It is her diligence, as one critic put it, that is Sophia's backbone. She has complete control of herself and of "the machinery that makes stars." She knows, now, precisely where she is going and how best to get there.

All her leading men testify to her conscientiousness. John Wayne, who appeared with her in his production, *Legend Of The Lost*, says of her: "I was greatly impressed with her diligence and the fact that she was never late during our rugged three months of production in Libya."

Trevor Howard, her co-star in *The*

Key, describes her as "a real working woman." Of the effort she put into *The Pride And The Passion*, Sinatra says: "She would stay up till three, four in the morning, saying over the script again and again, trying out different inflections, discussing its meaning. Then she'd be there, ready and made-up, at eight o'clock in the morning."

Her single-mindedness was revealed when she learned to speak English by shutting herself in a room for two weeks with a set of lessons on gramophone records.

It was again revealed, more dramatically, in her courtship and marriage to Carlo Ponti.

When she met Ponti in 1950 he was married, with two children, to a young lawyer who had given up her career because he had told her he did not want her to practise.

About 1954, rumours began to circulate about Ponti's growing romantic attachment to Miss Loren. Sophia herself did not deny that she was in love "with a much older man," but she never named Ponti.

Matters came to a head during the filming of *Bread, Love And...* On location at Sorrento the romance between the two became an open secret.

Condemned by the Church

"Sophia did not intend to give up her lover," says a friend who worked with her at the time.

"She was an actress well on her way, with the doors of international success opening before her. She could have had the richest and most decorative of husbands. But she had chosen her man"—the stocky, rotund, forty-five year old Ponti—"and did not intend to relinquish him."

In July, 1957, Ponti's wife obtained a judicial separation. Sophia and Carlo set about establishing residence in Switzerland with a view to his obtaining a divorce and marrying her.

On August 16, 1957, however, he obtained a Mexican divorce. On September 17 he was in Italy; Sophia was five thousand miles away in Hollywood.

That day, two lawyers met in front of a magistrate at Ciudad Juarez, in Mexico, and exchanged signed documents.

This was the Loren-Ponti wedding ceremony, performed by proxy.

Two days later Ponti left Italy by air for New York without knowing that he had married again.

As the world knows, Roman Catholic circles reacted sharply to the marriage. The official journal of the Men's Catholic Action Union has said: "We cannot keep silent about our outright condemnation."

"Because this is not a platonic affair we invite true Catholics to consider these people, their work, their films, as barred from now on."

Carlo and Sophia have gone their way seemingly unperturbed by this hostility from their home country.

Her mother's influence over her has apparently dwindled in recent times—Romilda was firmly opposed to the romantic attachment to Ponti—but now, with the astute Carlo himself, and his henchman, Basilio Franchina, to guide her, Miss Loren continues never to miss an opportunity.

She has even made publicity capital out of the marriage row, regularly making such protestations as "I don't feel like a sinner" and "I'm not afraid to go back to Italy."

If she and Ponti do go back together, he could face a bigamy charge and his legal wife could bring an action against them for adultery.

Under Franchina's guidance, Miss Loren has always given complete co-operation to the press.

She celebrated her first year in Hollywood with a party for 1,500 journalists. She handles press conferences with the coolness and skill of a diplomat.

As one critic put it: "Miss Loren's sallies into the public arena are timed to make the fullest possible effect."

Three years ago she came to a British film festival with several other Italian stars. On the night of their presentation to the Queen, Sophia

appeared, sheathed in white, with a coronet glittering pointedly on her head.

She said afterwards that she wore it as "a compliment to the Royal Family." She wore it also to capture the headlines in the morning papers. And she did.

When members of the Royal Family attend film premières, the Palace officials inform the organizing committee of the colours of the royal dresses. Those women presented to the royal visitors are expected to wear dresses of a different colour.

But when Miss Loren met Princess Margaret at a recent London première she wore a vivid scarlet dress which clashed glaringly with the princess's gown of deep pink.

Of her primary asset, sex appeal, Sophia says: "I realize that it is fifty per cent what I've got and fifty per cent what people think I've got. People think I've got more than I really have. I try not to disillusion them."

Though she has already amassed a fortune, Miss Loren intends to continue her career indefinitely.

"It is easy to become a star by exposing the body," she says, "but I do not want to be remembered in ten years' time for my bosom. I want to be known for my acting."

With this objective in view she has lately shunned all publicity based on her physique.

In two of her latest films, *The Key* and *Desire Under The Elms*, she says she has tried to become an "honest actress."

"One day," she says, "I will give a performance that will win an Oscar. You see if I don't."

THE END



The rivals—Sophia, second from left, and Silvana Mangano, right, at a party. Once it was "war" between them; rarely are they seen together

Holidaying at Saint Tropez with husband Ponti. Their marriage caused a sensation; he still does not dare to return to Italy for fear of arrest



MARRIED TO A TRAITOR • 2

WAITING patiently in her aunt's little flat in a Paris suburb in the cold last days of 1941, Suzanne Warren had no suspicion that there was anything wrong in the escape organization, of which she was a part, for passing British soldiers and airmen from the north of France, through Paris, and down to Marseilles and over the Spanish border.

In a carefully worded letter from the Abbé Carpentier, whose job it was to get the soldiers across the Somme, Suzanne had been given a hint of Gestapo dangers. But she had not feared it. This young French girl from Le Havre, who had already helped so many British fighting men to escape from France, had complete confidence in Captain Harold Cole—Paul Cole, as he was usually called—the gallant officer working with the Resistance, now almost a legendary Pimpernel.

But she did not know that he was not a captain, but a sergeant; that he had been a small-time crook in pre-war London; and that he was left behind in occupied France, not on Secret Service orders, but because he had absconded from his unit, just before Dunkirk, with the mess funds.

Nor did Suzanne know that he had betrayed to the German police many of her friends in the Resistance—including the Abbé Carpentier. . . .

Then, in the second week in December, Suzanne received a message purporting to have come from Cole, telling her to meet him once more at the Gare du Nord with another team of "footballers"—code name for escapees. On the morning of December 11, Suzanne walked up and down the misty platform waiting for the train from Lille. But before it was due to arrive, Vladimir de Fligué, who hid escaping pilots for Paul Cole, hurried up to her with a message.

"Don't wait for the train, Suzanne," he said. "Cole isn't coming on it. There's been a little difficulty up north. He's been delayed for a few days."

By next morning Suzanne still had received no further message from Cole and was becoming increasingly anxious. She decided to see de Fligué once again and went down to his little factory, where the electrical resistances were made, just across the street from his home. She found his wife in tears.

"Suzanne, get out," said Madame de Fligué, "and get out quickly. My husband was arrested here yesterday along with Professor Holveck—and Paul Cole."

"But I thought Paul was still in the north?" Suzanne said.

"No. In fact he came here yesterday, but he asked my husband not to tell you or anybody else that he was in Paris."

Suzanne hurried out of the factory into the street. From the shelter of a doorway, a man in a long dark overcoat stepped out a few yards behind her.

When she got into the train at the Monge station she was frightened to see that the man entered the same train. First trouble in the north, and now the three arrests in Paris. There must be somewhere a traitor denouncing everybody—denouncing even Paul, she thought. At all costs she must shake off the man who seemed to be following her, and reach Marseilles.

Suzanne used the classic trick. She waited in the train until the moment before it was due to leave the station. Then, just as the doors were closing, she hopped out on to the platform. Changing trains twice more as a precaution, she finally reached the flat of Aunt Jeanne. She planned to catch the train to Tours that very afternoon and,

if all went well, to cross the border that same night.

Suddenly she remembered Monsieur Durand and her friends at the Chope du Pont Neuf, the rendezvous restaurant. "I must warn them, if they haven't already been arrested too." She left her packing and went straight out to the telephone booth at the Bécon-les-Bruyères station to telephone to Monsieur Durand. Suzanne told him in guarded tones: "This is just to let you know that Paul is very sick—he has had an accident and has been taken away to hospital. I'm afraid it's something very dangerous."

"Oh, no, Suzanne," said Durand in a surprised voice. "I'm sure you are mistaken. Why, Paul phoned me himself only an hour or so ago."

"Then it can't really have been Paul speaking to you," protested Suzanne. "I know he's in hospital, and very sick, too."

"But it was," insisted Durand. "I'd

A detective slapped the prisoner's face hard.

"Now you swine," he said, "go down on your knees and ask your wife to forgive you for what you've done."

Suzanne went white as her English husband cried piteously. . . .



'Suzanne, it's true. I

know Paul's voice anywhere. He's coming to the restaurant at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Why don't you come, too, and have a beer with us?"

Next afternoon at three o'clock she went to the Chope du Pont Neuf and sat there with the grave and sympathetic Durand on the red banquette, sipping beer and waiting for Cole.

And suddenly Paul walked in—not accompanied, apparently not arrested, seemingly in good spirits, though in a state of high excitement.

"Why, Paul," said Suzanne, "I'd heard you'd been arrested—whatever happened to you?"

"Suzanne, my dear," said Paul, his brain working as quickly as ever, "I've had the biggest bit of luck in the world. I've been arrested and escaped. I must tell you both all about it."

The story which Paul told to Suzanne and Durand bore little relation to the truth. So it is necessary

to establish what actually did happen on the previous morning when the Germans swooped on the home of Monsieur de Fligué and carried away both the engineer and the distinguished scientist Professor Holveck. Cole repeated in Paris the trick he had already played on the Abbé Carpentier.

Early in the morning of December 11, Cole suddenly turned up at de Fligué's factory with two men whom he introduced as British pilots. One of the men spoke perfect English and Cole told de Fligué: "I want you to explain to him everything he needs to know about the organization, because he's going to take over from me for a while. I have to go on a trip to Brussels."

Slightly surprised, but not as yet suspicious, de Fligué agreed. Then Paul went on: "And about Suzanne. I wonder if you can help me out, old man. I don't want to see her on this trip. She's going to be at the Gare du



by GORDON YOUNG

Illustration by Fancett

we saw the Germans there waiting for us. They drew their guns, and I had a fight with one of them, but they finally got us all three into their car, and drove off towards their headquarters.

"There we were in the car, all of us handcuffed, of course, and sitting together in the back seat of the car, with one German policeman and a driver in front. It was that which gave us our chance.

"Well, you know what a big, strong man Professor Holveck is, even if he is nearly sixty. So I whispered a plan to the other two. Suddenly the professor leaned forward and threw his handcuffed hands over the head and tightly round the neck of the policeman, nearly strangling him, while I did the same thing with the chap who was driving the car. We forced them into a side street and made them stop.

"Then we all three jumped out and ran like hell. Now de Fligué and the professor and I are all safely back in hiding at Holveck's friends' house. That's where you come in, Suzanne. I want you to get them clothes and a new set of identity cards. Bring them here to the restaurant and leave them in the cloakroom. Then I'll come in the evening and pick them up."

"Too dangerous for you"

"But why can't I go with them myself?" asked Suzanne, a little hurt.

"It's too dangerous a job for you."

Suzanne telephoned to a woman friend and in careful language explained what had happened. The woman brought round some clothes for the two men the next afternoon.

Suzanne stayed on at the Chope du Pont Neuf all that afternoon, dallying over a beer, and waiting for Paul to come back and collect the clothes.

Finally, just after darkness had fallen, the glass door of the brasserie was burst open with a clatter and Paul, breathless and dishevelled, dashed in.

"Quick, Suzanne, get out of here," he cried. "The Gestapo are after us. Get to the corner of the street and wait for me there."

Suzanne ran down the street in the black-out and waited at a dark corner, by a shuttered shop. Paul joined her a moment later, and as he did so Suzanne heard the screech of brakes of a black Citroen saloon—the cars used mainly by the Gestapo in France—jerk- ing to a stop outside the brasserie.

"Quick, this way," urged Paul, and the couple darted into Pont Neuf Métro station.

They debated what to do next. "Can't you find me somewhere to go—just for tonight at any rate?" asked Paul.

"You can come home with me to Aunt Jeanne, Paul," said Suzanne, "but I must tell her the truth about you and she must decide for herself whether she will take you in."

When a sleepy Aunt Jeanne greeted them in her flat Suzanne told her at once: "Look, Aunt Jeanne, this man Paul Cole isn't an American journalist, like I told you before, but he's an Englishman and he's wanted by the German police, and he has no money, no papers and desperately needs somewhere to sleep. What do you think we ought to do about him?"

"Why, let him stay here, of course," said Aunt Jeanne.

"But you realize the danger?"

"Hurry up, Suzanne, and give the man something hot to eat."

Across the other side of Paris, at the Chope du Pont Neuf Restaurant, the Germans were arresting Monsieur Durand and his two waiters and taking them to Lille for interrogation. All three were beaten up and asked, time and again: "Where is Paul Cole?" It seemed that on this occasion Cole, in

his escape with Suzanne to Aunt Jeanne's flat, had genuinely given the Germans the slip.

Within twenty-four hours a totally unexpected problem presented itself to Suzanne and her aunt. Cole suddenly fell sick with a raging fever. They found him lying on a bed, delirious.

The two women debated what to do. They dared not call a doctor and thereby reveal the presence in their flat of an Englishman wanted by the Gestapo. They could only nurse him themselves, and hope for the best.

At last Cole fell into a deep sleep—and when he awoke his fever had gone. He lay weakly in the bed and smiled somewhat sheepishly at Suzanne and Aunt Jeanne.

"Sorry to have given you both such a lot of trouble. Must have been a touch of malaria. Got it during my service with the Indian Army."

With skill and devotion Suzanne and the elderly Frenchwoman nursed Cole back to health.

Every day until he was better, Suzanne sat with Paul Cole and talked, and listened to his fund of stories, glibly and convincingly told, of his past adventures and achievements. To Suzanne, at this time, Paul was a British hero in need of shelter and help, and a man whose personal attractions she was beginning to appreciate.

In the early weeks of 1942 Cole, now a fugitive from both the Germans and the Resistance, made several trips between Paris and the north, while using Aunt Jeanne's apartment as his Paris base. And, with every visit which he paid to her aunt, Suzanne felt her personal ties with Paul becoming closer, and more intimate. Genuine love—at least on Suzanne's side—was springing up between the two.

Then one day Paul Cole suddenly, but decisively, proposed: "Suzie, we must get married."

"But how can we do it?" she asked him. "The German police have certainly given your name to the French by now. They will be on the look-out for you everywhere. You can't get married in your own name—and if you marry me in a false one, it won't be a real marriage at all."

"Let's ask Aunt Jeanne."

Suzanne's strange wedding

Suzanne's aunt, of course, was thrilled by the news, as were Aunt Marie and Aunt Isabelle. The former vicar of the church at Bécon-les-Bruyères, where Suzanne had been baptized, was the round, red-faced and genial Abbé Amy, a close personal friend of Aunt Isabelle, and a man everybody knew they could trust.

The Abbé explained to Cole that, since he himself was a Protestant and Suzanne a Catholic, he must first obtain in the normal way the authorization of the Archbishop of Paris before he could carry out any church ceremony. This was arranged. More serious was the problem that in France a priest is not allowed to carry out a religious marriage before the couple have produced to him a certificate that they have been through the form of civil marriage in a town hall.

Cole assured him that he could obtain the necessary certificate. It was, of course, a forgery.

Thus everything was finally prepared for what must surely have been the strangest wedding to take place throughout the war; the bride a young, trusting and courageous resistance worker, the bridegroom a British traitor being hunted by the German, French and British authorities.

The Abbé Amy had arranged to keep the ceremony down to its bare essentials.

"Will you take Suzanne here present

am a traitor!"

Nord this morning. Do be a good chap and go along and tell her that I'm not in Paris and send her off home."

Again slightly surprised, the amiable de Fligué agreed to do as Paul requested. Looking back on this incident years later, he said: "I'm convinced that in trying to send Suzanne away that morning Cole was making an effort to save her from getting involved."

At half-past two that afternoon, Cole and the other two men turned up again in the de Fligué's apartment house, where Professor Holveck was also staying. "Let's all go over to the factory, where we can talk properly," he proposed.

The moment they stepped outside the house they realized that they had been betrayed. Waiting for them below was a party of German plain-clothes security police who covered the three men with revolvers. Paul made a half-hearted effort to knock the gun from

one of the policemen's hands, but he was quickly restrained. The professor made a dash down the street and into a garage, where he was cornered and recaptured. He and de Fligué were bundled into a police car and as they drove off, de Fligué saw Cole still standing on the pavement with the two "British pilots" who were, as he realized now, German police.

The two arrested men were put for the night into the Santé prison. Next morning de Fligué learned that during the night Professor Holveck had tried to hang himself in his cell. He knew too much, and perhaps he feared that he might talk.

Of all these events Suzanne knew nothing that afternoon as Cole sat at the marble-topped table of the Chope du Pont Neuf and told her and Durand: "You know, de Fligué, Holveck and I—we've all just had the most wonderful escape. We were just going into the street when suddenly

Married to a traitor

continued from previous page

as your legitimate wife according to the rite of our Mother the Holy Church?"

"Oui, je le veux," replied Cole.

Cole signed the registry book with his correct signature, "Harold Cole."

A little wedding breakfast was held in a restaurant, where they were joined by a friend of Cole, Julien de la Tour, head waiter at a café on the boulevard St. Michel, who had helped him in his early Resistance work, and his wife. And in the evening Aunt Jeanne gave a little wedding reception in her flat at Bécon-les-Bruyères.

Not long after her marriage Suzanne began to get restless. For weeks she had done nothing to push forward the work of the escape organization, and Paul, on his mysterious absences from Aunt Jeanne's flat, never told her any details of what he was doing.

Paul, in fact, did not dare to let any of his former associates even know where he was, but he had to maintain the pretence that they were both still active Resistance workers. Soon he hit on the ingenious plan of sending her on completely imaginary missions, assuring her that the work she was doing was vital to him in ways that only he, the British Intelligence expert, could understand. She accepted all his assignments unquestioningly.

Then one day in Tours, Suzanne told Cole: "We are going to have a baby. I'm sure it's going to be a son. I'd like to call him Patrick."

Cole's face showed nothing of what he really felt at this news and he made some conventional remark of congratulation. But, as Suzanne was soon to learn, his mind was working on a plan which would seal the fate of both Suzanne and the unborn Patrick as well. What his real motives were, beyond his natural talent for treachery, can never be known. However that may be, the plan which he now adopted for "liquidating" her was diabolical.

An errand for Suzanne

Suzanne proposed that they should call at Lyons on their way to Marseilles to see if her friend, Jean Biche, had any news of what had been happening in the south. Cole promptly agreed and from his pocket produced a piece of thin paper with a drawing on it—a plan of one of the main German fighter aerodromes outside Paris. "If we can rush this to England soon," he told her, "the R.A.F. will be able to bomb the airport and destroy dozens of Nazi fighters. I want you to take it, Suzanne, and when we get to Lyons I'll give you an address where you must deliver it."

Suzanne took the piece of paper and guarded it carefully, delighted that her husband was at last again entrusting her with important work.

The crossing of the border into unoccupied France went uneventfully. Safely arrived in Lyons, Paul Cole took Suzanne to a double room on the top floor of the large Hôtel Angleterre on the Place Carnot.

What Cole did not know was that, by crossing into unoccupied France, he had encountered a new enemy, neither German nor British, but French—a Frenchman working for the Vichy government but secretly pro-Allied. His name was Louis Triffe and he was head of the Lyons area of the anti-espionage service known as the "D.S.T." *Direction de Surveillance du Territoire*. When Triffe heard, through channels of his own, of Paul's real activities he resolved to arrest him as soon as he could lay his hands on him—before he was able to do further harm to the Resistance.

Early the following morning, before either Paul or Suzanne was awake, there came a powerful knocking at the door of their bedroom. When Paul unlocked it, two men forced their way inside, flashed passes and announced: "French police—you must come along with us. You are accused of being British agents—come, there is no time to lose."

"Well," said Suzanne, "you might

at least wait outside while we get dressed."

The two men agreed to do so. Quickly Suzanne snatched up the incriminating thin paper with its aerodrome plan, chewed it and with some difficulty swallowed it. She helped Cole hide some other papers behind a mirror. Then they presented themselves to the two policemen and were taken to their headquarters.

At her interrogation on that first day the detectives asked her repeatedly: "Are you or are you not a British agent?" Suzanne kept denying that she was—for she still had no idea, of course, of the real motive which the Deuxième Bureau had in arresting them—that of putting the traitor Cole out of harm's way.

That evening Suzanne was taken to the Dépôt St. Jean, the centre in Lyons where suspects were detained before they were committed to prison.

Next day, during her interrogation, she was continuing to deny glibly all

the whole thing was merely a far-fetched story which the detectives were making up in order to trick her into talking. She could not at that moment know, of course, that they were trying to find out whether she herself was Cole's willing accomplice or his innocent victim.

Back Suzanne went to her former denials. The battle went on for several days. And gradually one thing after another which the detectives told her began to make her grow uneasy. They seemed to know so many things that only Paul himself could have told them. They even knew the full address of Aunt Jeanne.

But then the detective started a new line which strengthened her resolve to keep silent, made her again suspect that they were trying to trick her. For they said: "You must give us the names and addresses of all the members of the organization that you know—so that we can ourselves warn them against Paul Cole."

How could she believe that the Vichy police would genuinely want to warn Allied Resistance workers? Stubbornly she told her questioners: "I know nothing about all that—nothing at all."

"If people whom we could have

knees and ask her to forgive you for what you have done to her."

Suzanne went white as she saw Cole, all pretence of self-control abandoned, drop down on his knees and plead with her—an unbelievable and abject scene.

The man whom until then she had known only as a gallant and fearless British officer, the man she had so happily married, now started to weep. He raised his head and he cried in a piteous, thin, pleading voice: "Suzanne, it's true. I am a traitor. Everything they say is true. I don't know why, I don't know why I did it. But you know I love you, really. I'll do anything, anything, if only you'll forgive me."

Suzanne put her hands to her face and turned away from him. There seemed to be nothing she could say.

No case to answer?

The detectives took Cole away. They had almost to drag him to his feet to make him walk from the room, still pleading and explaining incoherently.

Back at the Dépôt St. Jean that evening, Suzanne did not speak to anyone. She sat alone in her cell clasping and unclasping her hands. And she wept all through that night.

Louise Triffe had no wish to bring an innocent girl before a court-martial, even a Vichy-French one. On the other hand, his actions were open to close inspection by the Vichy authorities, many of whom were strongly Pétainist in their views, so that he obviously could not openly flout official procedures. So Suzanne was taken before an examining magistrate in the Lyons Palais de Justice, and Triffe supported the plea that there was no real case against her and that she should be discharged.

But this magistrate was a stolid Pétainist and a man who held no brief whatever for the Allies' cause. He exclaimed impatiently: "But this girl has admitted that she worked for the British. Certainly she should be court-martialled. Take her away."

Because she had now been committed for trial, Suzanne was transferred to the rigours of full imprisonment in the grim Lyons prison of St. Joseph, and was thrown into solitary confinement. Her world became a little cell with a camp-bed with a couple of blankets, a bucket and a pitcher of water. The only human being she ever saw was the wardress who never spoke to her.

The food was wretched; coffee of grilled barley, which looked like dirty water and soup with a few bits of swedes floating in it and a chunk of black bread. Later, when the prison authorities discovered that Suzanne was pregnant, they allowed her to have, once a week, a small piece of meat floating in her evening soup.

The thought of Paul Cole was with her day and night. Was he really a traitor? Or had she been tricked by the police into misjudging him terribly? Surely the things they had said about him—and that he had said about himself in that moment of abject confession—could not possibly be true?

After six weeks they took her out of solitary confinement and put her into a cell with two other women. One had been the mistress of a British agent; the other was under arrest for having given some secret French papers to the Germans. Such was the confusion of Vichy justice at that time. But when the woman who had aided the Germans heard that Suzanne was under arrest for having helped a British officer, she told her: "You're lucky. If it's the British you've been helping you'll be free in no time."

At her court-martial, she saw her husband, Paul Cole, for the last time.

It was a strange meeting. Suzanne was sitting in an ante-room to the court when Paul was brought in by two policemen. He seemed completely to have recovered his composure, to have changed his personality once more and have become again the self-possessed "British officer" whom she had known when she had married him. He wore a tidy grey suit, was neatly shaved and showed no particular sign of strain.

Suzanne rose to her feet and went towards Cole. The policeman paid no particular attention as she said to him

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Suzanne Warren's kindly Aunt Jeanne (left) innocently sheltered Cole. With her is her daughter-in-law and Michel, her grandson

accusations, when one of the detectives suddenly leaned towards her and said with great sincerity and force: "Suzanne, why do you keep on trying to defend Paul Cole? You must know perfectly well yourself that the man is a despicable traitor."

Suzanne could hardly believe that she had heard correctly. In the face of her disbelief the detective repeated his allegation, and he went on: "Not only is Cole a traitor, but he was planning to denounce even you to the Germans."

"That can't possibly be true," said Suzanne.

With complete incredulity she heard the detective's story—that the paper she had swallowed in her hotel bedroom two days earlier, the plan of the German fighter aerodrome, had been a genuine German document and part of Cole's plan to rid himself of Suzanne. For the men to whom he would have told her to deliver the paper in Lyons were, in fact, not Resistance men at all but agents of the German security police.

As Suzanne listened to all of this, she came to the comforting conclusion that

warned get arrested by the Germans, the responsibility will be yours."

When she was taken back to the Dépôt St. Jean that night she felt shaken, bewildered and exhausted. Her hair was unkempt, and she felt ill and weak from her pregnancy.

But when her interrogation was resumed again next morning, the police had a new shock in store for her.

"Suzanne," said the officer in charge, "whatever we tell you about Paul Cole you refuse to believe. But everything we have said is true. However, since you absolutely refuse to listen to us, perhaps you will believe what you hear from Cole himself. Now we are going to make him tell you."

They took Suzanne into an adjoining room and a few minutes later Paul Cole was led in, his hands handcuffed behind him, between two policemen, who sat him down. He was haggard, and he avoided meeting her eyes.

One of the detectives, without a preliminary word, slapped Cole's face hard, twice. "Now, you swine," he said, "tell this woman that you are just a dirty traitor. Go down on your

Buried alive in concrete

by DON EVERITT

Swiftly it was setting; soon it would be his grave. In terror Paddy Sorhan screamed: "I've had it. You'll never get me out"



Sorhan was trapped in a hole by fourteen tons of concrete. As his rescuers fought to free him the sides of the hole began to collapse

SHORTLY after 2 p.m. on Monday, March 3, this year, Patrick Sorhan, a strapping, dark-haired young labourer from Bellanagh village, County Cavan, began cleaning a wooden chute used for pouring concrete into the foundations on a building site in Goodge Street, London.

The chute lay across a hole, fifteen feet deep, in a corner of the site. During the previous hour fourteen tons of concrete had poured into part of the hole which extended under an old wall. The concrete would form an underpinning to reinforce the wall.

Sorhan stepped on to the chute. The upper end of it, near the concrete mixer, stood on four wooden blocks; the lower end rested on wooden shuttering which held the concrete in place.

Both arms trapped

As Sorhan reached the lower end the blocks above collapsed. The chute kicked backwards and Sorhan, arms flailing, crashed into the hole. His body knocked out the struts holding the shuttering and they fell about him, pinning him in a sitting position in a corner of the hole.

Before he had a chance to move, the unsupported shuttering above him fell out and fourteen tons of fast-drying concrete, seven cubic yards of it, poured on top of him.

He screamed for help.

Half-blinded, and with both arms trapped, he watched in horror as the oozing concrete rose over his stomach, his ribs, his armpits. Nobody seemed

to have heard his cry. He bellowed: "Help! Help! HELP!"

The concrete welled slowly higher.

The ganger, Gerry O'Shea, saw Sorhan first. He shouted to the other men to go to his aid, then ran to telephone for an ambulance.

The men put a ladder down the hole and two of them, Gerry Sullivan, another Irishman, and Ken Tow, a Chinese, went down to Sorhan. There was no room for more.

The concrete settled on a level with Sorhan's neck. Tow wiped it from his face and hair.

"Don't worry, boy," he said. "We'll have you out of this in a few minutes."

Sorhan was too dazed to answer.

On their knees, the two men started scraping the concrete from the planks with their bare hands. The men above lowered ropes and started heaving the chute, then the planks out of the tenacious concrete.

But after fifteen minutes timber still prevented Sullivan and Tow digging out the concrete itself.

Sorhan, with only his head sticking out of the cold mire, became panic stricken. He knew that the concrete would start to set in half an hour, that in an hour it would be firm. He knew that as it set it would expand, crushing him.

"I've had it, I've had it," he repeated. "You'll never get me out. You're walking on it, packing it tighter. For God's sake, keep to the edges."

Tow scraped faster, tearing the skin off his knuckles and fingertips. He

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At home with his wife Nancy. Three hours after his ordeal Sorhan told her: "Remember that film...? Well, it happened to me today"



Through your baby's



One of the first signs of vision is when a baby reacts to a moving light. Here a mother passes a light in front of a child's eyes



The most important face in a baby's world—Mother's. For the first few months her eyes are a child's main point of focus



A strange world greets you when you're born. It wobbles, it whirls—and sometimes it disappears

A BABY looks up into his mother's eyes and sees . . . what? A difficult question, but doctors are learning more about the strange world that greets a baby when it first opens its eyes.

To fill in the picture we can use our imagination, observing a baby's reactions to the things before him. We know that vision is present, in a rudimentary form, from that first blink of the eyelids. But he sees only for a moment.

Watch a baby who appears to be looking at his mother. His eyes move away, gazing unseeing into space. Then the mother speaks, the eyes move back, held for an instant, focusing. The picture is momentarily clear—then gone.

This is because the twelve eye muscles with which a baby is born need exercise before they can fix on and "hold" objects. The baby has to *learn* to see; it takes practice. But within weeks a baby will not only be focusing, he will also be able to follow moving objects.

Certain things are particularly helpful in the early weeks. First of all, bright objects that shine and stand out clearly from their background—the ceiling light, the softer light from the window.

Secondly, objects that have a special meaning for him—his mother moving across the room and, later, his bottle or cup, which remind him that food is approaching. But for many weeks it is the light in Mother's eyes that has most appeal. It is important that she *looks* at him.

After about three months the average child's eyes begin to work together as a pair. The baby stops squinting. He can now glance with increasing accuracy from one object to another—from Mother's face to Father's face, from one toy to another.

All this is helped by the use the child has been

making of his hands. As the child kicks and waves his arms, so he comes in contact with the bed-clothes or his own garments or a woolly toy. Gradually he discovers that he can grasp and manipulate these in various ways. Eyes and hands have now to become co-ordinated.

Vision is tremendously important in the growth of understanding. The way a young baby looks about him may be the earliest indication of mental awareness and alertness.

The baby comes to know what is too far away for him to reach—the ceiling light, for example. Presently he will cease to grasp at the proverbial moon and be content to contemplate these more distant objects and play with toys nearer at hand.

He will also come to know not only what is near and distant, but also what is above him or below, to the right or to the left, in front and even behind.

Now colour enters his life

He will be discovering location, finding out where objects are in the room around him. This is helped by hearing, as well as by what he can see.

He will also soon be aware of colour. Young babies have distinct colour preferences. Most of them like red, but yellow is also a favourite and orange a close runner-up.

But this business of learning in the early months of life is strenuous and babies need plenty of sleep. They should, in fact, sleep most of the time, with only short periods of happy, stimulating play.

The tired little mind withdraws; the eyes rove a little and hover; the lids flicker and droop; and Baby is soon asleep. The lessons of life are over for another day.

THE END



eyes . . .

by RUTH GRIFFITHS, M.A., Ph.D. Director of the Child Development Research Centre



Often when a baby gazes at his mother's face he is not seeing it at all. When he does, it is a fleeting glimpse before the image slips out of focus. The eye muscles are weak; they need practice



After five or six weeks a baby's eyes are strong enough to maintain their focus on a few familiar objects. But the background is blurred

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN R. SIMMONS

At three months the eyes can follow vertical movement. The eye muscles are coming under control; the eyes work as a pair and stop squinting

A month later. . . . Now the eyes can follow circular movement. The child is also learning to know what is near and distant, what is above and below



Now another step forward. After four months, hands and eyes are working together; the baby can reach out and grasp objects that are held within his vision and reach



I felt Cait tremble as the bailiff's shot rang loudly through the trees. We were trapped, now, by the pool. "They shan't touch you this time," I said, and I was surprised by the sureness of my voice. "But we'll have to swim for it . . ."



Caitlin and the King Salmon

*This was to be our
shining moment—in the
silver light of early morning.*

*The moment when
we would make a
legend live*

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

CAIT and I knelt at the back of the kitchen, behind Cait's father and the other men and women, listening to the story my father was telling. The kitchen was dark and secret and full of shadows. Beside us the smaller children were already asleep.

"And there were nine hazel trees in that place," my father was saying, "bending their slender branches over the silver mirror of the pool, like young girls bathing. And the boy Finn thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful. . . ."

But I wasn't listening any more. I knew the story too well; of how Finn caught the great salmon of knowledge for the wizard, and tasted it first himself, so that he gained all that knowledge that the wizard had coveted, of the hearts of women and the valour of men. I was thinking of another salmon, the one Cait and I had lost that day.

And, as I was thinking of it, the half door of the cottage creaked, and Larry Dooley came sidling into the kitchen, his eyes sliding this way and that until he saw me. He smiled then and began edging his way towards me.

"Do you see who it is?" said Cait, driving her elbow into my ribs.

"Of course I see him," I whispered.

"What of it?"

"Are you going to tell him what you said? About going to hell for his five shillings if he wants it?"

"Oh, shut up," I said, because Larry was already in earshot of a whisper, and I didn't like the look in his eye. He was five years older than Cait and me; about twenty, and strong enough to break the pair of us in half if he had a mind to it, which he often enough had.

He was a big, shambling kind of boy, but he had brains enough for two. The rest of the men worked at the fishing

or the fields winter and summer, but Larry Dooley would be lying abed all winter, with his mother bringing him cans of stout and little nourishing things, and in the summer he'd be over at the big hotel, taking the tourists out for small daunders in a currach, or driving them in a trap up the mountains. And the money he'd coax out of them would furnish a kitchen.

Between times he'd be providing a few brace of pheasants or a salmon out of season for Mussoo Charles, the manager at the big hotel. That was where Cait and I came into it; because while Larry had the tongue to coax a pound note out of a priest's pocket, he hadn't the hands or the heart for catching a fish or a bird.

I had. I think I was born with it. And I'd taught Cait until she could put her bare arms to the shoulders into a pool before the very eyes of a fish and never frighten him. She was a better help to me than a boy could have been.

She might almost have been a boy, except that her red hair was too long, and the bones of her face too fine for a boy's; but she had legs that could race like a hare and a fist as hard as a stone. Although neither her legs nor mine had saved us that day.

WE had been lifting a salmon for Larry over at the mouth of Lough Rinn when Con Doyle, the water bailiff, and one of his men had caught us. They hadn't been pleased at all at seeing a thirty-pound salmon stretched on the shingle with a willow wand through his gills, and they'd spent a hard five minutes showing us how displeased they were.

Cait, being a girl, had come off a lot better than I had; they only used a hazel switch on her instead of a leather belt. But even so she was no kerner than I was to sit down on the floor

which was why we were both kneeling.

"A fine man for telling a story," whispered Larry, nodding at my father and squatting down beside us. "Where is the salmon?"

I swallowed and looked down at the floor. "There's no salmon," I said. "We were caught."

Larry sucked in his breath in a long hiss. "Then I'll have my five shillings back, for a start."

I swallowed again, avoiding Cait's eyes. "I can't give it you back," I whispered. "My mother has it." She had seen it in my hand and had it off me before I could open my mouth to shout. For a woman who spends her life complaining that she can't stir from the fire for the rheumatism, my mother moves powerfully fast.

"You what?" said Larry, closing his hand on my shoulder until I thought it would break. "By the Holy, that's the last time I'll ever give you as much as a sixpence in advance. Now listen to me. I've promised that salmon to Mussoo Charles by midday tomorrow, and if he doesn't get it there's going to be trouble. Do you understand?" He kneaded the bones of my shoulder between his fingers.

"Con Doyle said he'd have me jailed if he caught me again," I said.

"Then don't let him catch you," said Larry. "What Con Doyle and the guards would do to you wouldn't be the half nor the quarter of what I'll do to you if you don't have a salmon for me by breakfast-time tomorrow."

He gave a last twist at my shoulder that I thought had dislocated it, and tugged a strand of Cait's hair. "How is the little vixen?" he whispered. Then he was gone, picking his way between the legs and the mugs of porter on the floor.

"The fine hero you are," said Cait.

My cousin Padraic was singing, and

my mother looked round at us to shush our whispering, so I sat quiet and smouldered until the song was done. It was late then, and the evening broke up, with the doors flung open and the cold night air swirling in to tear the smoke of the turf fire to tatters, while the neighbours thanked my father and my mother and said their good nights.

"What are you going to do?" said Cait.

"What can I do?" I said, and I felt the world lie on me with its weight. If there had been anywhere to run away to, I would have run to that place and hidden, but there was nowhere.

I WOULD have cried if Cait hadn't been there. Her eyes were green in the starlight, like a cat's eyes, and I thought for a moment that she was going to jeer at me again. But instead she put her hand inside mine.

"I'll come, too," she said, as if she could read my thoughts; because there was nothing else to do but get Larry another salmon, and I couldn't do it by myself. But I would have let my tongue wither before I would have asked her to help me.

"Brigid's Well, then," I said, "an hour before daylight."

Cait turned and ran down the hill after her father, who was already half-way home ahead of her, and I went back indoors. But it was a long time before I slept that night, what with the welts on me from Con Doyle's belt and the thought of how much worse off I might be tomorrow.

It was almost a relief when morning came. I dressed in the dark, putting bread in my pocket from the dresser and taking a pull of milk from the can on the window sill. There was only the sound of breathing in the cottage, and even my mother would

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not be stirring for at least an hour yet.

I went down to the road and across it and up the other side of the valley towards the little fold in the mountains where St. Brigid's Well was hidden. I was late and began to run, panting up the mountainside with my hand under my heart.

Cait was already there before me, lying face downwards on the shelf of rock that juts over the pool. They call it a well because the river springs there, and the water is always pure as black crystal and cold as a winter's night; but it is a pool really, maybe thirty feet across, and very deep in its heart under the shelf of stone. Hazel and white-thorn and willow trees grow down to the edge of the water and the other three sides of it, arching over the small river as it leaps down, pool by small pool, to Lough Rinn below.

I knew that there was a salmon there; a big cock fish who must have spent five winters in the sea before he came back. I'd only caught a glimpse of him, three days earlier, but I'd reckoned him at sixty pounds.

That's why I hadn't tried to get him before for Larry. In that place you can only get at a fish by lying on the shelf of rock, and a sixty-pound salmon could as likely pull me and Cait into the pool from the shelf as we lift him out of it.

Cait looked over her shoulder and put her finger to her lips. I slipped my shoes off in the grass and crept up beside her. We knew what we had to do too well for there to be any need for talk.

I slid forward inch by inch until my chin was at the lip of the stone shelf. I felt Cait's shoulder against mine and it was good to know she was there. I had forgotten Con Doyle by now, and Larry Dooley. The small wind of the morning touched us, and I put my hand over Cait's small one to thank her for being there.

Then I saw the salmon lifting out of the depths below us; only a shadow at

first in the darkness of the water, like blue steel; then up and up, out of the heart of the pool towards us, until I could see the fierce hook of his jaws and the faint moving of his silken tail. He rose like a king of the salmon people in his midnight armour; rose until I could see the silver belly and the red spots along his huge, curving sides.

I slid the wire loop out of my pocket; thin steel wire with a wooden handle, and a strip of cotton lapped round the wire to prevent it cutting right through a fish's tail. Beside me Cait was readying her hands. Her sleeves were already rolled to the shoulder.

SOFT as a bird I moved the loop of wire, down behind the salmon's line of vision as he lay, still half sleeping, waiting for the sunlight, the cotton-wrapped wire touching the steel surface of the water barely an inch from his faintly stirring tail; then into the water without a ripple, and Cait's hands waiting like otters on the stone, fingers curved.

I drew the wire forward over his tail until the loop encircled it; farther, until it was level with his vent. And still the great steel-blue bow of his back was motionless, the dorsal fin kissing the surface of the water.

Cait's right hand came out, hovered.

"Now," I whispered, and we both struck with the one breath, the loop tightening like a trap on the torpedo tail of his body, her hands over and under the great curve of his belly; up and out, clean as if he was leaping of his own will, and on to the shelf. Cait took a flat stone from the grass and hit him with the edge of it behind the skull, and he lay still and ended.

In that same second we heard a shot echoing in the stillness.

The bailiff was out. And we were trapped by the pool; because St. Brigid's Well lies in a hollow and there's

no way out of it except by crossing one of the ridges and showing yourself on the skyline. I had only come there out of desperation, and in the certainty that the one hour of the twenty-four when Con Doyle would be surely sleeping was just before sunrise. But I had been wrong.

I felt Cait tremble beside me, and I knew that she was thinking of yesterday. "They shan't touch you," I said. "They shan't touch either of us." And I was surprised myself at the sureness in my voice. "We'll have to swim for it," I said. "Over to the trees. That way we'll leave no trail. You go first, and I'll bring the salmon."

She slid into the water and struck across to where I had pointed; a place where the trees grew thicker than any other and reached far out over the water. I lowered myself into the pool and swam slowly behind Cait, trailing the salmon.

THEN we were in the shadow of the trees and it was almost dark. We scrambled up the bank of the pool and crawled three yards into the heart of the thicket. We lay there safe as two rabbits in a furze bush.

I made a bed for the salmon, digging down through the dead leaves, and then covering it over.

Our eyes were used to the shadow by now and I looked at Cait and she looked at me, and suddenly there was something strange between us. At least, that's how it seemed to me. It was as if I hadn't seen Cait clear before, the way her mouth was, and the queer way her eyebrows were black in spite of her dark red hair.

My throat was tight as I looked at her. "Cait," I said.

She didn't answer, only put her fingers in mine and we crouched there together, facing one another until I saw her shiver.

"You'll be catching cold," I said.

"I'm not cold," she whispered, lifting her head again.

"Oh, Cait," I said, "I feel very queer," and without meaning to I leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth. Then we pulled back and apart, afraid of what we had done.

"I'm sorry, Cait," I said. "Truly." She was looking down at her knees, pleading the wet hem of her skirt between her fingers.

"Are you," she said, not looking at me.

I looked at her, and I wondered how long ago it was that I had thought she was like another boy. "No," I said. "No, I'm not sorry."

She looked up at that, and smiled, and somehow we were kissing again, and it was quite different from the first time; entirely different. I barely listened to the sound of voices across the pool, as Con Doyle and his man came down to the edge of the water.

Then there was a shout that lifted us out of our skins. For a second I thought they had seen us in our hiding place. And then I remembered my shoes. Con Doyle had found them.

"The larrikins," he was yelling. "The thieving, dirty spalpeens! They've been here again. I'll skin them. I'll have them gaoled. I'll have them hanged. You, you useless *omadhaun*, why in hell's name didn't you see them? They must have bolted out of here when you fired that shot, you imbecile . . . scragging hares when there's poaching going on right under your nose."

ANOTHER voice began to murmur then as the assistant tried to defend himself, and Cait and I knelt, hugging ourselves, a bare ten yards away.

"Don't answer me back," Doyle yelled. "Find them. Get after them, you lout. Where will they have gone? Where in hell do you think they would have gone? To Larry Dooley's cottage, of course, up the mountain road, if they had time to lift anything."

"I'll go to Paud Raftery's cottage

with these shoes, in case they're there instead. And if that villian of a son of Paud's can't produce a pair of shoes as his own, it's going to be a bad day for him, I promise you that."

I heard their feet ring for the length of two steps on the stone shelf, and then there was quietness.

But they had taken all the brightness of the morning with them, along with my shoes; because, like everybody else, I had only the one pair, and my bare feet would be proof to the world that they were mine; more proof than the fit of them would have been, because they had been my father's originally.

But without any shoes I was lost.

I went back and uncovered the salmon. What good was I now, with the assistant bailiff watching Larry's cottage, and Con Doyle down at my own? I might as well throw it back into the well. Ten shillings' worth of salmon.

"What are you thinking?" said Cait. She reached out and touched the salmon with her fingertip as I told her, and then put her finger to her lips. "Throw it back?" she said. "I'd die first."

And suddenly a light came into her face. "What do we need Larry for? Why shouldn't we sell it to Mussoo Charles ourselves? We know where Con and the other one will be, because they've just told us. What's to stop us taking the path along the shore? No one'll see us there. And what does Mussoo Charles care who brings him the salmon?"

"But when we get home . . ." I said.

"Pooh," said Cait. "Who knows what will happen when we get home? We'll have had the day of our lives first. We'll get the bus into Killymeen, and go to the cinema and buy chocolate . . . why, we'll have such a day."

And that was something of how it went. But not all of it; far from all of it, because when we got to the hotel it wasn't ten shillings that we got.

We came up to the hotel from the shore, carrying the salmon wrapped in my wet coat, and we had to walk across the lawns and the gardens, with the people in their fine clothes staring at us.

SAID Cait: "Let them stare. Isn't it us that's bringing their dinner to them?" And we walked across the velvety grass until a waiter in a black suit came running up to us.

"We want Mussoo Charles," I said, and I let the waiter peep at the hooked snout of the salmon cradled in my coat. "Feel the weight of him," I said, and he did.

"Gob," he said, and pushed the pair of us into a kind of a fenced-in yard, to wait. A minute later a man with a little black moustache and a shiny grey tie came out, bubbling with words.

"Where's Larry?" he said.

"He's been held up," I said. "We had to come ourselves."

"Across the lawns like that," said Mussoo Charles, holding his head. "If anyone see that fish, oh my God, oh my licence. Quick, children. Take your money and go away quick out of here." And he put into my hand not ten shillings but five pounds.

Out in the road afterwards we looked at the five notes, one after the other, counting them again and again, and crackling them. Five pounds. And Larry telling me that it was taking all the profit to give us ten shillings.

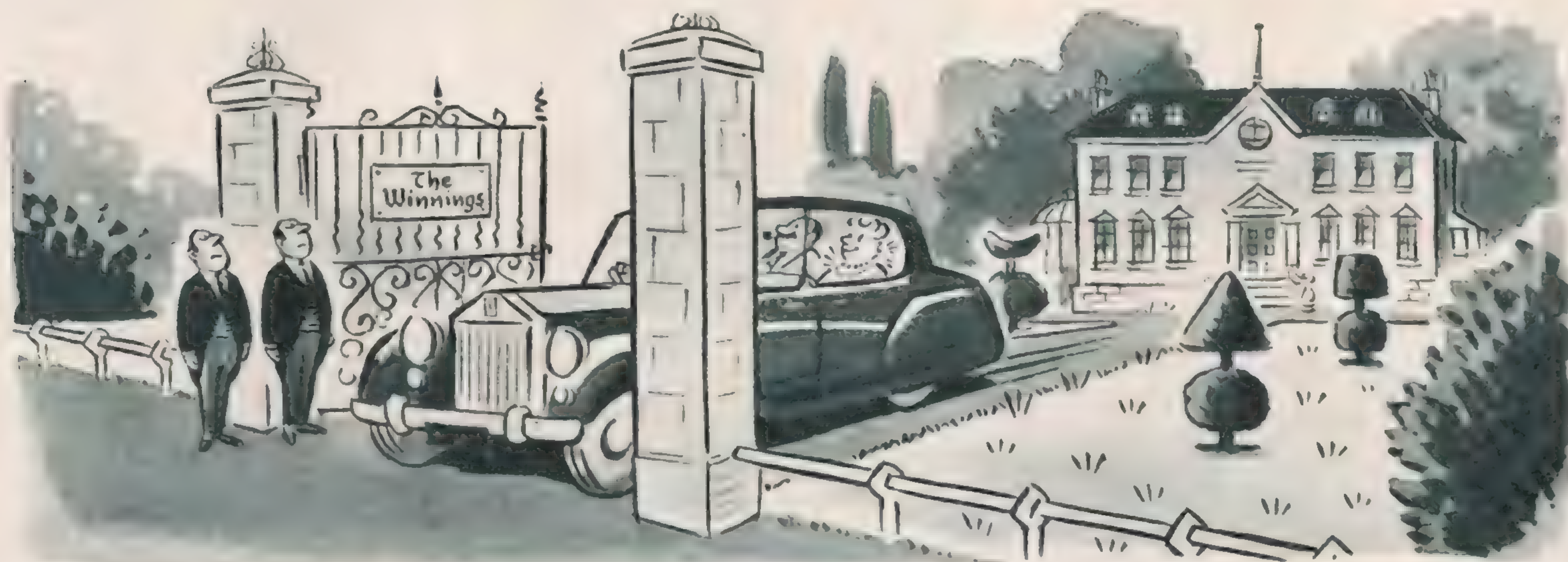
Five pounds. It was a long while before it came to us how much money that was. But when we did realize, what a day it was! We went into Killymeen on the bus from the hotel, sitting on the front seat.

But that was nothing to going into the shops with five pounds to spend. I bought a scarf for Cait that had great flowers on it the colour of her hair, and an apron for my mother, and a new pipe for my father, and a box of sweets for my brothers, and a pair of slippers for Cait's mother.

But Cait kept her half of the money

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Whether it's the church whist drive or a long shot in the Derby... the flutter is today's big boom. Everybody's betting on a tax-free fortune



It's an odds-on chance you're a gambler

by ALLEN ANDREWS

AT one time or another in your life it's almost certain that you have indulged in gambling. It may have just been a line on the pools or participation in a whist drive, but as far as the law is concerned, you've been a gambler.

Four out of five adults in Britain gamble intermittently, while half are regular addicts of a diversion upon which the British spent £550 million last year.

For every 3s. 11d. taken last year by a British tobacconist for a packet of cigarettes a half-crown stake was accepted by a British bookmaker for a bet on a horse, dog or football team.

More than £350 million was bet on horse racing and £122 million on greyhounds. Over £73 million was received by the football pools. About £6 million is believed to have been spent on gambling at fun fairs.

Not included in this total are the subscriptions for Premium Bonds, which exceeded £110 million in the surge of their first year but have now settled at mopping up £5 million a month—almost exactly matching the annual total of the pools. The accrued interest at four per cent, more than £4 million last year, was distributed in the lottery draws.

Also excluded from the total is private gambling. This ranges from ha'penny nap in the canteen at lunch-time to clandestine midnight card parties in Mayfair, with minimum stakes of £25.

Nevertheless, the bulk of money staked has decreased significantly since the years after the war. In 1946, when service gratuities swelled the liquid currency, £1,000 million is believed to have been gambled.

Paradoxically, gambling is carried on largely in defiance of the law of Britain. It is illegal to play darts in a public house, or golf on any course, if the losers buy the winners even half pints of beer.

Hazarding money on the outcome of chance varies in respectability as well

as legality. To play bridge for ten shillings a hundred in a St. James's Street club is a traditional and aristocratic pursuit, but automatically makes the premises a gaming house and liable to a police raid.

This reprisal is rarely carried out, and then nervously. Barristers sardonically quote a raid on a Hampstead card club in 1942, when police arrested the poker players but did not molest the bridge players, who were mainly the wives of the "criminals."

By contrast, the practice of compiling football forecasts, the legitimate pursuit of sixteen million regular speculators, is non-U in St. James's. It brought to the Treasury last year £22 million in direct taxation and almost as much to the Post Office.

Many who enter for the pools cling to the description "investors" and do not regard themselves as gamblers. Sociologists have found that distaste for the principle of gambling is linked to the outlook of different churches, being strongest among extreme non-conformists and least among Roman Catholics.

One survey reported that only three per cent of Methodists, who are "moderate" non-conformists, ever place bets on greyhounds. Yet forty-one per cent of Methodists were found to enter the pools. On the other wing, some Catholic priests have run their own form of pool to swell church funds.

By his "Act for the Maintenance of Artillery," King Henry VIII restricted to private houses all gaming—including cards, dice, chess, tennis and shove-ha'penny—because it interfered with training his yeoman army. Since 1744 faro and a few other card games have been illegal, along with roulette and all dice games except backgammon.

The Gaming Act of 1845 excludes all gambling debts from the protection of the courts, and also declares that

"games of mere skill" are not gambling. In March this year Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C., successfully defended John "Aspers" Aspinall, of Mayfair, on a Gaming Act charge, declaring as a result of his legal research, "The only card game of mere skill is snap, and that is confined mainly to the nursery."

Though the latest ruling on the Gaming Act may have relieved private "chemmy" (*chemin de fer*) parties in London, this section of the law is still widely applied. It controls such diverse entertainments as pitch-and-toss schools on the pavements of Cardiff's Tiger Bay, newspaper competitions, and the millions which the



Last year we spent £350 million on playing the horses. And the bookmakers' profits are rising

public loses each year in fun fairs and amusement arcades.

It is useless to complain that the prizes offered in a sideshow at a fair are not worth the money spent trying to win them. The law insists that they should be almost valueless.

The Amusement Caterers' Association has been guided by the ten-year-old prosecution of a showman who offered a prize valued at 3s. 6d. for rolling pennies on to squares. The law's successful argument was that the lure was too great—the showman was offering "gambler's odds."

Pin-tables in Britain represent about £50 million of capital, and make employment for 20,000 people.

Fruit machines, "one-armed bandits," are consistently confiscated by the police. The odds against hitting the jackpot are 2,667 to 1. They can be manipulated so that high scores are almost impossible to obtain. Chief Inspector Kybird, of the Hunstanton police, spent 12½ hours, and 6,240 coins, "playing" some machines which he seized in that town, and won exactly fourpence.

A Nottingham police inspector, after a similar struggle, recognized that a canny public had got the better of the machine before he had. When he opened it he extracted 336 sixpences—and 306 black discs.

Wherever there are gamblers there are would-be cheats. At a whist drive at Belvoir Castle a man was discovered with three aces and a knave inside his jacket. Shifting load dice, which can be fixed to be either fair or "bent," are sold openly in America and can sometimes be obtained through joke shops in this country.

The commonest form of gambling in Britain is betting. The Government Social Survey of 1951 said half the adults in the country have a flutter on the Derby and Grand National, but the solid core of gamblers on horse races is formed by four million who regularly have off-the-course bets. Two and a half million actually bet at race-courses throughout the year.

People who bet on greyhounds are

It's an odds-on chance you're a gambler

continued from previous page

a much smaller, but far keener, section of the population. Though the annual attendance at the two hundred dog tracks is fifty million people it is believed that there are only half a million who go regularly.

Ninety per cent of the spectators are men, unaccompanied, betting on their own an average of £2 a night. By contrast, when speedway racing was in its prime a survey noted that only fifteen per cent present were unaccompanied men. Betting is not allowed at speedways.

Betting is principally conducted through bookmakers, who developed their present organization after betting shops were made illegal in 1853.

A bookmaker gets his profit from over-estimating the winning chance of each runner in the race, that is, by giving shorter odds than are justified.

The bookmaker's price is pushed off the "real" odds by two factors—the punters' fancies and the element of competition. William Hill, head of a large bookmaking business, says: "As a bookmaker I am not to be swayed by so-called 'racing information.' I am merely trying to 'sell' horses at certain prices to make me a profit. I have to know *form* to be able to assess the value of the goods I am selling."

The average punter does not make a profit. If he did, most bookmakers would be bankrupt. Some expert professional backers manage to show a consistent profit. These profits are tax-free and therefore seldom disclosed.

One professional backer, injured in a car crash, claimed damages of £10,875 for "two seasons' loss of betting profits." Another man was shown to have made £58,000 from betting in a single year—but the disclosure was not made until he was being examined as a bankrupt.

Less mountainous profits and losses are made by those Britons who are the core of the national betting habit—the hundreds of thousands who surreptitiously pass silver, small notes and betting slips to a street bookmaker, considered by many a chief constable to be the scapegoat of the gambling industry. There are believed to be around 10,000 of them in Britain.

Evasion in the streets

By taking bets in the street they avoid the charge of "keeping a place for cash betting."

There is no actual charge of taking bets in the street, which is not illegal, but with *loitering* for that purpose, which is. In law the man who "loiters" to place the bet could be fined £10, but in practice the police take in the "runner," whose fine is paid as a tax by the bookmaker who employs him.

All cash bookmakers need strong forces of runners and collectors, and naturally tend to "organize" concentrations of men in factories, building sites and workyards.

During the official inquiry into the dispute at Briggs Motor Bodies, when incidentally it was disclosed that shop stewards were raising almost £2,000 a month for a strike fund by lottery, an astonishing estimate of betting in the factory was given. It was said that nine thousand men were putting £1,000 a day on horses, and that twenty of the workers were getting £5 a day each in commission for collecting the bets.

Every weekday more than two hundred bookies' runners are arrested. Two years ago 6,502 were convicted of loitering for street betting and 2,082 (one-eighth of them women) convicted for keeping premises for cash betting.

Working on an actuarial basis, uninfluenced by the tipster's "secret information" or past form the bookmaker's rival, the Totalisator machine run by the owners of racetracks is affected only by results.

The Tote is a conveyor belt, taking

in the punters' money and sending most of it back on the winners' belt. For this service it makes a deduction. On horsetracks fifteen per cent of losing stakes is set aside for expenses. At the dogs, six per cent is allowed for expenses, but there is a direct Government tax of ten per cent in addition.

The Tote occasionally gives freak prices which no bookmaker could match. At Royal Ascot in 1956 three people shared £4,995 for a double forecast ventured on with a five-shilling ticket. The winnings were paid in cash, and when one of the winners did not collect his due it was surmised

winnings. £22 million went to the Government in direct tax, and £13 million was absorbed by expenses. About £2 million was promoters' commission, which cannot now, by law, exceed three per cent of the total takings. Although there are now quite a large number of pools concerns, two major firms take £50 million of the business.

The odds against winning a treble chance pool of fifty-four matches where the results give only eight drawn games are 1,040,469,768 to 1.

The Churches' Council on Gambling, which opposes football pools, suggests that newspapers should print the names not of the winners but the losers. It declares that if a newspaper devoted a column a day to listing one week's losers in one pool, the roll would take 384 years to complete.

One man, however, claims to have won 864 cheques from the pools. Mr. Vernon Sangster, a pools magnate,

the event, and the Irish exchequer almost £1 million.

In addition to banning traffic in foreign lotteries, Britain has now instituted her own, by organizing the sale of Premium Bonds. State lotteries are not new in England. The capital for supplying piped water to London in the seventeenth century was raised by this means; so was the acquisition of the British Museum and the building of the first Westminster Bridge.

State lotteries were held almost annually between 1710 and 1826. The usual top prize was £20,000—an enormous fortune then—and it once went to £80,000.

For many years club sweepstakes and office draws were illegal in Britain if anyone but members participated. In accordance with standard British gambling practice, the law was generally disregarded. The Government Betting Survey has reported that four out of five adults go in for raffles.

By the Small Lotteries and Gaming Act, 1956, draws may be publicly conducted for charitable, sporting or cultural purposes, but no prize may exceed £100.

The current fad among housewives is bingo—the army's old housey-housey. Played for comparatively insignificant prizes of household goods, it is often run so profitably for the organizer that a school of sixpenny cards is disposed of within two minutes.

The bright way to save

Lord Mackintosh, President of the World Sunday School Association, resigned from the Churches' Council on Gambling on the introduction of Premium Bonds, which he recently declared to be the only bright feature in National Savings.

In its constant compromise between the urge of many people to gamble and the conscientious principles of others who oppose the practice, the State has shifted its ground considerably in twenty-five years. A royal commission in the thirties condemned gambling.

The Royal Commission of 1949-51 said it was an insignificant factor in the economic life of the country, and equally insignificant as a cause of crime. "We can find no support," said the Commissioners, "for the belief that gambling, provided it is kept within reasonable bounds, does serious harm either to the character of those who take part in it, or to their family circle and the community generally."

Opposing this view are many men and women of high standing in the nation and its churches. The issue is, indeed, one that splits religious people. The Roman Catholic Church declares "We hold then that it is not wrong . . . to play for stakes, even large stakes, provided players can easily afford it."

Against this a Methodist, the Rev. E. Benson Perkins, holds that the declaration means that gambling is right for the rich but wrong for the poor. "The argument implies that the wrong in gambling consists in losing the money staked. It is evidently right to win, because all can afford to win."

The addicted gambler bets for the activity rather than the reward. The famous American gambler Nicholas Dandalos, Nick the Greek, who has had an annual turnover of £3 million over a betting career of forty years, says "The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing. The main thing is the play."

The ordinary gambler cannot win consistently, because he is challenging an organization which has fixed the rules so that in the long run the organization must win. This applies to Riviera casinos or funfair sideshows.

The simplest gambling is to toss a penny and call heads or tails, for a penny bet. The loser is theoretically sure to win if he keeps doubling the stake. The longest run of tails falling consecutively known in gambling experience is twenty-eight.

If a man called heads unsuccessfully twenty-eight times he *would* have won on the twenty-ninth—if he had had the capital to stake. From doubling up the original penny he would need a capital of £2,236,962.

THE END



October

The year has pulled her shawl
around her head
And thought to take her aching
bones to bed.

A month of leaves, when
balding branches shake
Their few and fading locks to
earth to make
A crackling carpet underfoot. The
sky
Has cleaned her constellations;
we can spy
The pin-point patterns neat
against the black
Of night, those stellar friends we
welcome back

To prick familiar scene.

An east wind blows;
An early frost makes game with
nose and toes,
And shivering, we could think all
joy done.
But, no! October brings her
share of fun.
There's football, festive
evenings, fireside ease,
Hot water bottles, Christmas
planning—these
Can bring their own delight . . .
and I find no fault
With celery crisped by frost and
dipped in salt!

NOEL SCOTT

that he did not trust himself with that sum, even at Royal Ascot.

Winnings can be applied for by post within ten days. But about £40,000 a year is never claimed at all.

The Tote's system of pooling stakes and paying out a proportion of the total amount bet became the basis of the football pools, which started in the 1920s and now claim to be Britain's seventh biggest industry.

Because a separate Act prohibited outright all cash betting on football matches, the system of sending the money a week late was evolved.

Credit betting lifted pools to a crest of £74 million staked in a year. The recent introduction of cash betting decreased this at first, but in 1957 the total staked was back to £73½ million. Pools receipts suffer a mid-season depression during the months of Christmas spending and post-Christmas penury. Largely through pools letters, one-tenth of Her Majesty's mails are now concerned with gambling business.

Of the £73½ million staked last year, roughly £37 million was returned in

sums up the lure of his industry: "A win on the pools is the only way in which the average man can ever hope to lay his hands on a really tax-free fortune."

Through direct taxation of the firms' receipts and profits, and through high takings from postage stamps and postal orders, the government has a substantial interest in pools betting. In addition the State in 1957 took £6 million in tax on the greyhound totes and about another £2 million from a course bookmakers' tax.

Government gamesmanship

Governments which take a profit from gambling invoke a new sort of political gamesmanship when their takings are menaced. Both Britain and America have declared a post office war on Ireland, where the Republic's Hospital Sweepstake drew in £12½ million last year. Yet the Irish still sell far more £1 tickets for every sweepstake than there are people in Ireland. Hospitals get £2½ million a year from

THE KITCHEN IN YOUR LIFE

*Use your head
to save your feet—
that is the essence
of intelligent
kitchen planning*

A HOUSEWIFE friend of mine sprained her ankle. This was hard luck but it taught her all about kitchen planning. Trying to do normal chores with her foot in a bandage made her kitchen seem suddenly huge. To get each thing she needed involved the effort of taking a couple of painful steps. By the time she had done a normal day's work she was worn out.

My friend's ankle is now better; so is her kitchen. She has re-arranged it in a common-sense way to avoid energy-wasting footsteps.

What about your kitchen? Is it planned for easy working or is it an energy-waster? Until you stop to think about it you may not be conscious of poor planning. But you may be more tired than you need be at the end of your working day.

The basis of all kitchen planning is a logical arrangement of cooker, sink and refrigerator. Between these three main appliances there must be work surfaces and cupboards arranged so that everything is stored close to the place where it is used.

You can have an efficient kitchen without glossy, built-in fitments. Streamlined kitchens are often badly planned. The ideal, if you can afford it, is a kitchen using the best of the well-planned units available—with shelves at different heights to make storage easy, and groceries and china behind sliding doors which do not catch your head when they are open. But a homely kitchen, which may not look so well planned, can be just as easy to work. Here are some pointers to good planning:

COOKING

Are your cooker and the table or cupboard top where you prepare food close together? If not, move the work top to the cooker or vice versa. Don't regard your cooker as immovable. Your local board will add a few more feet of electric cable or gas pipe, with very little trouble, for a moderate charge.

SINK AND STORAGE

Have two draining boards to your sink, or a work surface at the side of the sink which can hold dishes before and after they are washed up. You may get a work surface near your cooker and extra parking space for dishes by putting a table or cabinet between cooker and sink.

Store things where you are going to use them. Have cupboards below or above your food preparation table if possible. If not, have a shelf



THE SMITHELLS FAMILY BREAKFAST BAR

In our new home Sunday breakfast generally happens in the kitchen with its interesting worm's-eye view of the lawn. So we have made a portable breakfast-bar extension to the cabinet under the window, where early-riser David is handing in windfalls. How-to-make-it details—Supplement page four

there for commonly used things like flour and sugar. Keep salt and tea near the cooker. Keep your cooking tools in the right places—soup ladle and fish slice near the cooker; mixing-spoons and knives near the place where you prepare food. Don't feel you have to shove everything out of sight. It may be more convenient to hang them up where you need them. If you have a refrigerator (and without one your kitchen is only half-furnished) fix it near your food preparation table, if you can.

HEIGHTS

You are the person who uses the kitchen so you should decide the height at which you find it most comfortable to work. It is fairly easy to add a plinth to a cabinet, or blocks to a table to get extra height—not so easy to lower things. The British Standard height for kitchen units is thirty-six inches. This is all right if you are at least 5 ft. 4 in. tall, but most British housewives aren't. If you can have your work-table 2 ft. 10 in. high it may be much more comfortable to work at. One electric cooker manufacturer is now making a cooker thirty-three inches high instead of the standard thirty-six inches. This is much easier to use when you are standing, stirring sauces.

If you have a number of built-in units touching each other it is sensible to have them all the same height. If the levels are different you are more likely to break things. If possible have a separate surface for jobs like chopping and mixing which are specially tiring if you do them on a surface which is too high for you.

A sink is at the right height if you can put

your hands flat on the bottom of the bowl as you stand upright.

LIGHTING

A kitchen is badly lit if you have to work in your own shadow and if you can't see if dishes are clean at the sink. In some kitchens you can hardly see the dishes, so things get broken.

Have a light over each work surface—one over the cooker, one over the sink, one where you prepare food. Choose fittings which diffuse the light. If your kitchen is small, one fluorescent fitting with a shadow-free lamp may solve the lighting problem.

FINISHING TOUCHES

When you have dealt with the causes of back-ache, leg-ache and tiredness you can find remedies for the smaller irritations.

There are those small jars which fall out when you open the cupboard door or reach for something behind them. Pop them into plastic-covered wire racks fitted on the inside of the cupboard doors or build platform shelves to stand on your cupboard shelves, so that the small jars stand up at the back and you can reach them over the top of the other jars.

Cover your table top with easily cleaned laminated plastic.

Be warm in the kitchen. A small electric convector fire or radiant bar fixed on the wall can make a great difference in winter.

As you spend at least four hours a day in the kitchen—more if you eat there—you will be wise to make it one of the most comfortable and accommodating rooms in the house.

Kitchens



Cool blues and yellows make a restful colour scheme in Mrs. Worth's made-to-measure kitchen at Northwood. The fitments are all topped and faced with Formica. Cupboards over the stove hide an extractor fan



An up-to-date version of an old kitchen at Bideford. The splashes of red Formica enliven the basic colour scheme of grey and white. Laying the easy-to-clean vinyl plastic floor can be a simple do-it-yourself job

THE woman's traditional workshop, the kitchen, comes in for as many stock jibes as mothers-in-law. "Tied to the kitchen sink" and "toiling over a hot stove," are household phrases worn smooth with use. But today's kitchen is not the dreary place which provoked these phrases. Cheerfully coloured kitchen fitments, laminated plastic surfaces, steamproof paints and wallpapers and decorative plastic wall coverings all help to make the kitchen a pleasure to work in. Because kitchens can now be gay, liveable rooms many of us have dispensed with dining-rooms altogether. We eat in the kitchen and like it.

A room to live in

It has become a fashion to choose bright colours for kitchens. Manufacturers make our choice easy with kitchen merchandise in primary reds, blues and yellows. But a subdued colour scheme can be just as effective, more kindly and more personal, as you can see from our big picture of a kitchen designed by its owner.

Choose wallpapers, paints and curtains for your kitchen in the same way as you would for any other room in the house. Textured plastic curtains like Storella are impervious to steam and look good. Wipe-clean Venetian blinds are a practical alternative to curtains—buy the kind with plastic tapes, for cleanliness. Treat your wallpaper with a transparent varnish which will prevent it from blistering. Put an anti-condensation paint on the walls as a basis for your chosen colours. Be individual—change standard knobs and handles for ones you have chosen yourself. Bring colour to your kitchen and you brighten your whole life.

Right. Natural wood doors to free-standing kitchen units and a richly patterned wallpaper give a warm friendliness to Mrs. Scott's kitchen-dining-room in an old London house

PUZZLE CORNER

What is wrong with this kitchen?



We have all known kitchens like this. Some of us have them. There are at least twenty things wrong with this one. How many faults can you spot?

1. Central table causing maximum obstruction. 2. Table too low for work. 3. Sink too low. 4. Sink wrong shape. 5. Taps too low to fill bucket. 6. Nowhere to put things before and after washing up. 7. Space under sink not boxed in. 8. No working surface near cooker. 9. Stores too far from table and cooker. 10. Overcrowded storage in deep cupboards. 11. No light over sink or cooker and silly ceiling shade. 12. Obscured window glass. 13. No sensible heating. 14. Panelled doors creating dust and grease traps. 15. Skirting power point at inconvenient level. 16. Scrubbed wood table top—extra work. 17. Shelf over cooker too high. 18. Saucepan dangling over light switch. 19. Mirror too high for use. 20. Old dresser stealing valuable wall space.

in Colour

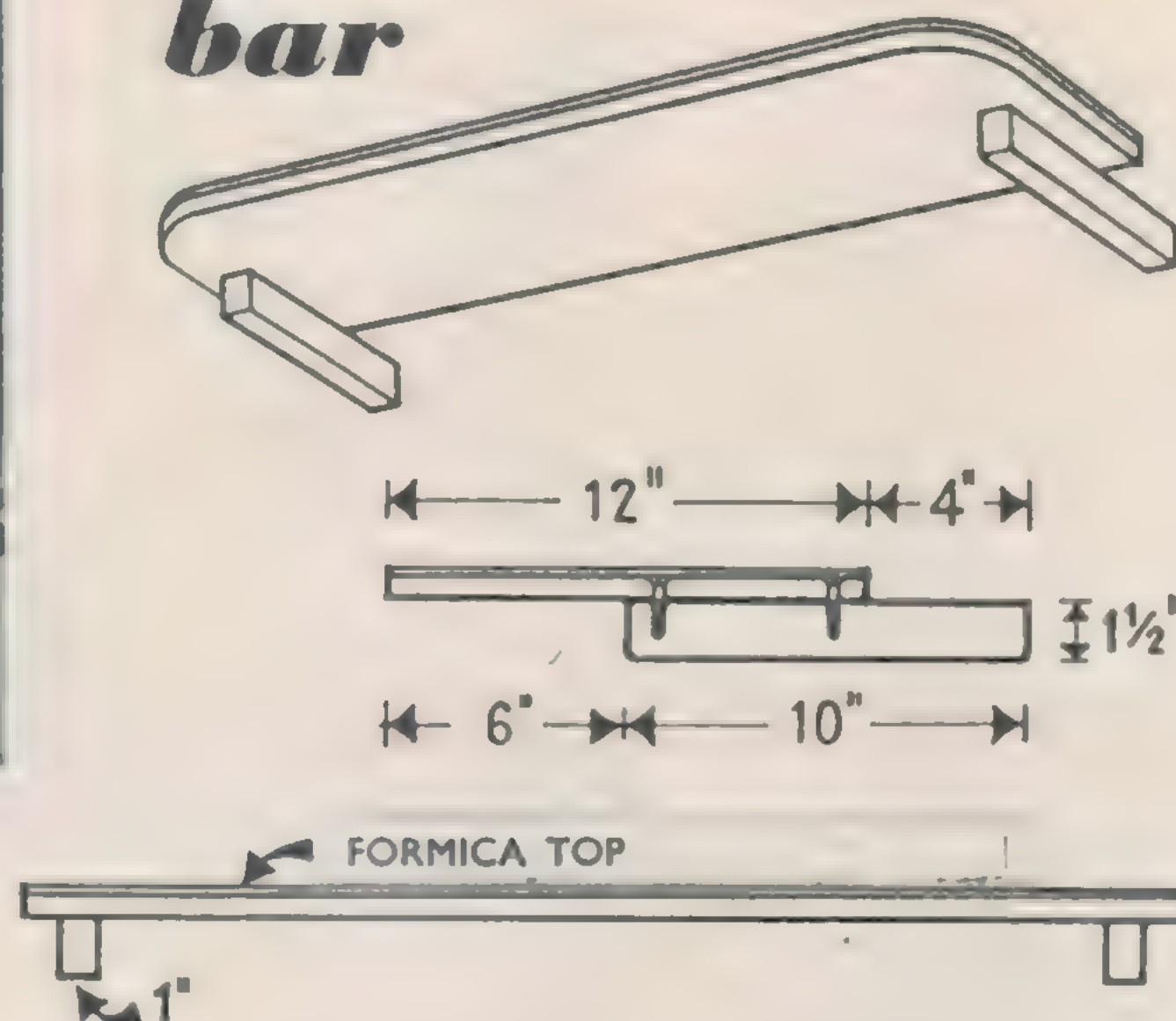
Your kitchen is your workroom, but with colour
all around you, your work can be a pleasure





Arms of bar slip easily into half-opened drawer. They are spaced to fit exactly into width of drawer to stop sideways movement of bar. My bar has extra length to match our fitment. Diagrams (right) show how it should be made for a normal, single-drawer fitment

How to make my breakfast bar



My bar is designed as an extension to any fitment or chest which has a drawer about table-top height. It is fitted by opening the drawer about 8 in., inserting the arms (see diagram) and closing the drawer as far as it will go to lock the bar firmly in position. There is comfortable knee space underneath. Before fitting the bar, remember to take anything out of the drawer that you will need during the meal.

Use 12 in. x 1/2 in. wood for the bar and cut to the length required. Round off the front corners with a Surform. Cut the arms of the bar to the dimensions shown in the diagram. Place the top in position on the partly opened drawer and mark on the underneath of it the inside edges of the drawer sides. This gives the positions for the arms. Drill and countersink three screwholes in the top, for each arm, and screw them into place, making sure that when inserted in the drawer they fit tightly at each side, to keep the bar firm. Fill the screwholes with wood filler and smooth with sandpaper. If the drawer fits loosely, glue strips of wood, about 1/2-in. thick, to the tops of the arms. This will keep the bar level.

I covered the top of my bar with blue matt Softglow Formica, to match the top of the cabinet, and painted the edges white. R. S.

KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 3

THE NAIL FOR THE JOB



ROUND WIRE or FRENCH NAIL. For general service where it will not be visible or where appearances do not matter. Easily removable, as the heads can be levered out in a hammer claw.

OVAL BRAD. The most useful nail for well-finished work. The oval shape running WITH the grain minimizes the risk of splitting the wood. The small head is easily punched in and concealed with plastic wood or a filler.



PANEL PIN. For fixing skin of plywood, hardboard, etc. to solid wood framing. Longer sizes useful for holding joints while glue sets. Small heads easily punched in. **VENEER PINS,** similar but thinner, are useful for holding veneers, marquetry, etc., in position and for other fine work.

STAPLE. For fixing wire, wire netting, webbing, rope, etc. to solid timber. Staples are also useful as a temporary device for holding joints in position during construction or while glue is setting.



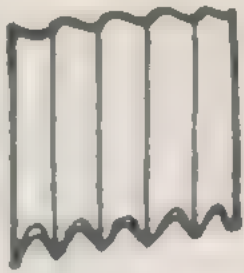
SCREW NAIL. The elongated thread provides an extra firm method of fixing sheet metal, etc. to wood. Driven home with a hammer, can be fixed more rapidly than a screw.

CLOUT NAIL. Short with large flat head. For fixing soft materials, such as roofing felt or soft composition board, to timber. For outdoor jobs, always use galvanized clouts.



CUT NAIL. Gives a very firm fixing. Useful for the heavier constructional jobs, fixing floorboards, etc. square shape and blunt point minimizes splitting in soft woods.

CORRUGATED FASTENER. Not strictly a nail, but hammered in across a butt joint or mitre joint will make a firm fixing. Suitable where the joint will be covered with hardboard or plywood, etc.



WORTH NOTING

● If you only have a central light in your kitchen or workshop, fix a curtain track on the ceiling, over your working areas. Hang your lamp from a runner, with the flex carried on other runners. You can then pull the lamp where you need it.

● A combined step-stool for the kitchen. Two steps, normally inside the stool, swing down to make the whole into a small ladder for reaching things on high shelves. The seat is upholstered in Lionide. Made by Modern Industries, it costs £4 1s. 6d.

● Newsflash from Formica, Ltd., about their new curved surfaces. Up to now, upstands at the back and front of work tops have had to be made of a separate strip of Formica glued on to the main worktop. Disadvantages: danger of chipping, and crevices where germs can collect. Now a worktop can be moulded in one piece with the upstands. Result: easier to clean, no chipping. See the curved surfaces at your local showroom.

● A new multi-purpose tool for the handyman is the Stanley Shaper, on the market this week. With a detachable blade of specially treated steel, the shaper will file anything from wood to mild steel. The blades are long-lasting, have five hundred teeth which extend round the sides, so that the tool can be used effectively at its edges. The shaper body is of die-cast alloy in either plane or file shape, with easy-grip handles of moulded rubber. Cost: plane shape, 15s. 6d., file type, 12s. 6d. Replacement blades, 3s. 6d. From ironmongers and handyman shops.

● Storing cement is always a problem; now made easier by the new "Pectacrete" cement. This is damp-proof until it is actually mixed with water, so you can use a little at a time without fear that the rest will harden in the damp atmosphere of a shed or garage. 9s. 10d. a bag, it is

available from your local builders' merchants or from the manufacturers the Rugby Portland Cement Co. Ltd., Crown House, Rugby.

● Keep your paint brush soft when you have to break off during a painting session by wrapping the bristles in aluminium foil. This will shut out the air, prevent the paint from drying, and keep the brush ready for use, even if you leave it overnight.

● To paint ceilings in comfort, dispense with your step ladder and strap your roller with adhesive tape to the end of a broom-handle. This floor-level ceiling painting is even more trouble-saving if you use the Jumbo self-feeding paint roller, which paints for a long stretch of time on only one filling. 25s., from ironmongers. *Note:* This method of ceiling painting is not practical for very high ceilings.

● To remove grease marks from walls, place a double thickness of blotting paper over the mark and run over it with a warm iron. The warmth will melt the grease, which is then soaked up by the blotting paper.

● For the handyman who hasn't room for a complete workshop of his own, the "Hobbyfix" is useful. This is an all-purpose appliance which clamps to any table or bench, and serves as a vice, clamp or holding device, to help with awkward channelling, or painting, and to make a lighter task of almost all woodworking and metalworking. The "Hobbyfix" is available from handyman shops or direct from William G. Keable, of 1 High Beech Road, Loughton, Essex; costs £7 10s., complete with attachments, postage 2s.

● Use a jam jar with glasspaper wrapped round it for cleaning curved plaster mouldings between walls and ceilings before repainting. This is an easier method than stripping with a paint scraper.

WRITE ABOUT IT

If you have a home-making problem to solve or an idea to share with other readers, let me hear about it. Illustrate your ideas with photographs or rough drawings where possible. Address your letter to: Roger Smithells, "John Bull," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

It's the greatest triumph
of all in the battle for your
health. And even now
they're talking of it in whispers

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

Silent miracle in your lungs



A five-day-old baby is injected against T.B. Now deaths from tuberculosis are less than a quarter of what they were ten years ago

THE outstanding success of scientific medicine in recent years has been the conquest of tuberculosis, a victory achieved so quietly and dramatically that nowhere has it received the fanfare of trumpets that it deserves.

Probably this is because the death rate from tuberculosis has been falling gradually for a long time and the present position is thought to be a continuation of that fall, rather than, as it really is, a full stop.

A hundred years ago, in a town with a population of about 150,000—the present size of Bournemouth or Blackpool—five hundred young people died of consumption every year. Hunchbacks, afflicted with bone T.B., were to be seen in every street. But now that black chapter has come to an end.

I remember, two years ago, being called to a man who had consistently refused to see a doctor until his wife grew desperate and took the law into

her own hands. He had advanced disease of both lungs, and not so long ago I should have given him six months to live. Today he is back in full-time work, cured and free of infection.

For this miracle we have to thank the discovery of three drugs—streptomycin, isoniazid, and para-aminosalicylic acid, usually called PAS for short—which kill the tubercle bacillus, while being almost harmless to human beings.

Before these drugs came into use, the active treatment of T.B. was operative. Diseased lungs were collapsed and rested by injecting air into the pleural space. They were rested, too, by destruction of the phrenic nerve, supplying the diaphragm. Ribs were removed, lobes of lungs excised. Tuberculous glands in the neck were cut out; tubercular spines immobilized in plaster.

Until recently it was thought that, whatever drugs might accomplish for the early case of tuberculosis, they had their limits in advanced cases, where there were large cavities in the lungs. These

cavities, it was thought, might rupture, bleed, get infected, form pockets of resistance where the disease would break out again. So, even after infection had been cleared up, surgeons went on removing lobes of lungs which contained these cavities.

It is now known that this is not necessary. A report was recently published on forty patients with advanced T.B. who were given drug treatment only. All forty recovered and stayed well.

Victory in the cold war

The conquest of tuberculosis is part of the story of victory over most of those diseases which attack the respiratory system—the means by which man breathes. It is a recent victory. In 1930 one in five of all deaths in Britain were due to such diseases.

The battlefield was the respiratory tract, from nose to lungs, and the enemies were whooping cough and diphtheria in childhood, tuberculosis in

youth and cancer in middle life. The common cold, bronchitis, asthma and pneumonia of various kinds took their toll at every age.

These diseases are still with us from time to time, but such is our victory that known cures are available for all but two—especially if diagnosis be early and the disease uncomplicated by other illness or old age. The enemy has been surrounded, if not wiped out, and today there remain at large only the common cold—and cancer.

For this is a victory sadly qualified by the steady increase in the number of deaths each year due to cancer of the lung. In ten years deaths from tuberculosis have declined from 22,000 to less than five thousand a year. In 1939 there were 46,000 cases of diphtheria with 2,500 deaths. Last year there were thirty-seven cases with six deaths.

But eighteen years ago there were six thousand deaths from cancer of the lung; last year—19,000.

We now know that good preventive



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you can
lay hands on

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A kinder soap, a better soap.

WRIGHT'S

**COAL TAR
TOILET SOAP**

The Golden Tablet in Bath & Toilet sizes

Silent miracle in your lungs

continued from previous page

measures—good housing, good food, good leisure and the absence of stress—can rid us for ever of this kind of illness. But as things are in an imperfect world, the patient who comes to the doctor wants to be cured in spite of his environment—and all too often, let it be said, in spite of himself.

Consider how we breathe.

Life started in the sea and we were once fishes—a fact which has never been forgotten, as it were, by the cells of the embryo multiplying within the mother's womb.

"Gill clefts," designed for a process of breathing under water, still develop in the human neck, as in fish, before the advent of the lungs within the chest. Then these foetal gill clefts disappear and the lungs remain. The lungs, in fact, were nature's invention to solve the problem of extracting oxygen from air instead of water. They are remarkably efficient.

We have, of course, two lungs: one on either side of the chest, with the heart and great vessels lying between them. Where the second ribs meet in front—counting from the top—the two main bronchi inside the chest join together to form the windpipe, which leads upwards through the root of the neck, in front of the gullet.

The lungs are composed of branching tubes, dividing again and again like the limbs of a tree, until, at the ends of the smallest tubes, the twigs burgeon out into tiny air sacs, each with its final fringe of microscopic finger-stalls. These are the alveoli, the walls of which are woven of minute blood vessels, supported in a texture of elastic-like fibres.

In the respiratory exchange—oxygen in, carbon dioxide out—the air in these alveoli is separated from the blood in the surrounding weave of vessels by only a single layer of living cells.

There are about eight hundred million alveoli in the lungs, and the surface which they display to the air breathed in and out is more than one hundred times the surface area of the body—or about 1,300 square feet, which is practically half a tennis court—including the tram lines.

Our blood carries oxygen from the lungs to the tissues of the body, being loaded with red cells containing the oxygen-hungry pigment haemoglobin. Blood is pumped into the lungs by the right side of the heart and oxygen is taken from the air in the alveoli by way of the microscopically thin wall of single cells. Carbon dioxide gas and water and vapour are returned as waste products.

The vital throb of life

The blood then returns to the left side of the heart where, with its new issue of oxygen, it is pumped out round the body. The whole process is perfectly adjusted, and must continue almost ceaselessly from the first gasping cry when we are born to the last breath as we die.

Before the lungs can work effectively, however, their sponge-like texture has to be repeatedly compressed and then released, thus pumping out the old air and pumping in the new. This is the process of breathing, which in a normal adult takes place twenty times a minute (children breathe rather faster).

Although divided into countless branching tubes, the lungs are really like two elastic balloons joined together inside the chest by the bronchi and open to the outside air through the windpipe.

Unless blown up, these balloons would remain collapsed and would prove useless for breathing. But to blow up a balloon, pressure is needed, and to provide this nature has made use of the natural pressure of the atmosphere.

The balloon-like lungs, enclosed within the rigid box of the chest, are therefore surrounded with a partial vacuum into which they must expand as long as the wind-pipe remains open to the atmospheric pressure outside. And to seal off this vacuum, the lungs are then

enclosed in a double membrane, between the outer and inner layers of which no air can enter. This is the pleura.

In an adult a good pair of lungs contains more than five pints of air when unexpanded. Only about half of this can be expelled, however; the rest remains as residual air. Normal breathing expands the lungs by another pint, or less, and this amount, which ebbs and flows with respiration, is the tidal air.

But only about half the tidal air actually reaches the alveoli. The rest simply fills up the bronchial tree and is called "dead space air." By an extra effort, another two and a half pints can be added in a forced expansion, as when doing deep breathing exercises.

A living coat of armour

Clothing the inside of all the tubes in this elaborate system, from nose to alveoli, is a covering of living cells, most of which are armed with tiny whips, or cilia.

These cilia are worked constantly to waft on a protective covering of mucus with which every surface is bathed. So perfect is this method of protection that in health the air reaching the alveoli is virtually sterile, although, of course, the air breathed in always teems with bacteria.

What, then, goes wrong?

Infection with germs is the cause of most of the respiratory diseases. The infecting germs are many and varied: the tiny bacillus of tuberculosis; the club-headed bacterium of diphtheria; and the pneumococcus of pneumonia, first cousin of the better-known streptococcus, but distinctive in its surrounding capsule, which contains some deadly poisons.

Others are the haemophilus, also causing some forms of pneumonia and once thought to be the cause of influenza—now known to be an infection with a virus, or very small germ, as in

Asian flu; and pertussis, the bacterial cause of whooping cough. The exceptions, not caused by germ infection, are cancer and some forms of asthma.

Asthma does not have the lethal effects of tuberculosis, but it causes an immense amount of invalidism.

There is, as yet, no miracle cure, but a great deal is now known about it, and much research is being done. The prospects of cure in individual cases are rapidly improving.

It is a disease in which spasmodic attacks of shortness of breath occur. During these attacks, the bronchial tubes become narrowed, partly owing to spasm of the muscle in the tubes, partly to swelling up of their linings. With each intake of breath the tubes elongate and dilate, allowing the air to enter, but on breathing out, they shorten and narrow.

The patient's distress is due to the enormous effort needed to get the air out again before a fresh breath can be taken.

There are three main varieties of asthma, and progress can be recorded in each.

The first is allergic asthma. Allergy runs in families. One member may suffer from hay fever, another from eczema, a third from asthma. Allergic asthma starts in childhood, when attacks may be brought on by emotional upsets and by contact with various substances that the child cannot tolerate—perhaps certain foods, such as milk, or shellfish, or often simply the inhalation of household dust.

The offending substance can sometimes be detected by skin tests. Then the child can be made immune by a long series of injections. But as the years go by, such a patient becomes sensitized to more and more substances so that desensitization of an adult with allergic asthma becomes a gigantic task.

By then, the patient has probably had numerous attacks of bronchitis, which themselves precipitate the second type—bronchial asthma. The third variety is due to some damage to the lungs, and the commonest cause of this is—or was—whooping cough.

It is easy to over-simplify, and so

"Blast! There goes
a shoulder strap"



raise false hopes among asthmatic sufferers, but modern medicine is now getting somewhere.

Whooping cough is largely preventable through efficient vaccines, and children who have had a course of three injections as babies are unlikely to get the complaint. If they do, they have it so mildly that the lungs are not damaged. Chronic bronchitis, energetically treated during the winter with penicillin and sulphonamides, can often be kept under control, so that asthma does not develop.

Allergic asthma is now being successfully treated with the new hormone preparations: ACTH, cortisone, and hydrocortisone. In severe cases they give immediate relief, and, under careful supervision, their use can be continued for fairly long periods during which the patient may lose some of his sensitivity.

Cortisone is a difficult drug to use, as it often produces unwanted effects, but there are now new derivatives which are very much safer.

It has recently been shown that one of the commonest substances to which asthmatic women are sensitive is aspirin. This drug of so many uses, usually quite harmless, is taken so often that women may not realize that it is the cause of their attacks, and that even the minutest dose will trigger one off.

Bronchitis after an anaesthetic was once looked upon as a normal hazard of inhaling ether. Pneumonia during convalescence after an operation was by no means uncommon.

Such complications are now reduced, due to improved anaesthesia, using less harmful drugs in smaller quantities.

Paralysing treatment

Partly this has been brought about by the introduction of curare and similar drugs. An injection of curare paralyses the muscles and makes the patient limp and still enough for the surgeon. Then only enough anaesthetic has to be given to send him to sleep and prevent him feeling pain. This is a much smaller amount than would be necessary to produce complete relaxation.

A sudden chest emergency which still does occur too frequently both after operations and at other times, is pulmonary embolism.

A clot of blood—nearly always from a vein in the leg—gets into the circulation and whizzes round until it reaches the lung and plugs up a blood vessel. When this happens to a patient on the point of leaving hospital after a successful operation it is disastrous. The effect is sudden shock and has all the appearances of pneumonia.

Research has shown that embolism is most likely to occur in fat, elderly patients with poor leg muscles. With their inactivity in bed their leg veins become stagnant.

It is most likely after certain abdominal operations, and routine steps to prevent it are now adopted—giving breathing exercises before the operation, encouraging coughing, giving leg exercises and massage and various others.

If a small embolus does occur, further trouble can be avoided by using anti-coagulant drugs, such as heparin, which prevent blood from clotting. Some surgeons, if they suspect that clots may form, put a ligature round the upper end of the leg veins to prevent the clots from getting into the circulation.

Modern advances in treatment often consist of attention to such details as these. But they are based on accurate research into the cause of the trouble. There are occasions, though, when a doctor's hunch can be useful, too.

Five years ago I was attending a middle-aged man who had had influenza and was not recovering as he should. He had a persistent cough, which no treatment influenced. I examined his chest thoroughly, and all seemed normal, so I had his chest X-rayed, and went along to the hospital to see what the radiologist thought about it.

He pointed to one spot in the right lung and said: "That might be a tiny patch of pneumonia that hasn't cleared up. Otherwise his lungs seem healthy enough."

I did not feel happy about this, because the treatment which the patient



had had should have cleared up any pneumonia present. I got one of our leading chest surgeons to see him. After his examination, the surgeon took me out of the room. "I agree with you that there is nothing to be heard, and the X-ray is very dubious," he said. "All the same, I wouldn't mind betting this chap has a carcinoma of the lung. I am going to take him into hospital."

The "hunch" turned out to be correct. The patient had a growth, quite small, only just beginning. The whole of his right lung was removed and he made a splendid recovery. Now, five years later, he is perfectly fit.

That is one of the few bright spots in my experience of cancer of the lung. A lot of publicity has been given to its association with cigarette smoking, and it is true that heavy cigarette smokers contract this disease forty times as often as non-smokers. Pipe smokers seem to run far less risk, and it is suggested this may be due to the lower temperature at which tobacco burns in

BEGINNINGS—I

Better never begin than never make an end.

George Herbert

a pipe, for carcinogenic agents are only produced at high temperatures.

Tobacco apart, we also know that workers in the chromate-producing industry run four times the average risk, and people who live in large industrial towns have a much bigger risk than the rural population.

But in spite of all this, it has not yet been proved just what actually does the damage.

I would not in any way underestimate the danger of this disease, for I have seen too many tragedies result from it. At the same time, it is possible to be too pessimistic.

One report on the results of fifty-three operations shows that thirty-two per cent lived for five years, and twenty-one per cent were still alive ten years after their operations. As techniques are improving all the time it is fair to suppose that those who develop the disease now have even better prospects of cure.

Besides operation, this disease is treated by radiotherapy. It is difficult to compare the results, because radiotherapy is often used for cases gone too far for operation, whose chances are poor. But there has been a report on a small series of patients who had radiotherapy—for various reasons—although they were early cases suitable for operation. The results were as good as the operation results.

Radiotherapy techniques are rapidly

improving. Higher and higher voltages, radio-isotopes such as cobalt, and better means of accurately localizing the growth to ensure that it gets a proper dose are all leading to better results.

Cure of lung cancer depends on early treatment, which, in turn, depends on early diagnosis. This is not so easy, for the growth itself may be transparent to X-rays and not show on the film.

But the radiologist today is not dependent on the ordinary straight picture. He has two other resources: the bronchogram and the tomograph.

By injecting a little iodised oil, which is opaque to X-rays, down the wind-pipe and then taking a film, he can obtain a picture beautifully outlining the whole ramifications of the tubes. That is a bronchogram.

The tomograph is even more ingenious. The ordinary X-ray picture is a shadowgraph, and shows everything which may be in the line of the rays, all superimposed on each other. The essential part can only be picked out with some difficulty.

But in tomography this can be done. If the X-ray tube and the film, which are on opposite sides of the patient, are mechanically swung in opposite directions during the exposure, then there will be one distance between them which will remain sharp in focus.

A series of such pictures, cross-sections at intervals of half an inch from front to back of the chest, will demonstrate many things that the ordinary film obscures.

If the bronchogram and the tomograph suggest that a bronchus is being obstructed by an early growth, the surgeon uses his bronchoscope, with a very good notion of where to look.

Telescope in your body

The bronchoscope is a long narrow tube forming a sort of telescope with a light at the far end. It is passed between the vocal cords, down the wind-pipe, and can be guided into the bronchial branches going to either lung. Not only can a suspicious lump be seen, but fine instruments can be manipulated through the tube to remove a portion for examination.

A new technique is the staining of a sputum smear on a slide in the laboratory. The object is to discover cancer cells in the patient's sputum when he coughs. And for this the Papanicolaou staining has proved a magnificent contribution and is saving hundreds of lives each year. This is particularly so in cases of cancer situated out in the edges of the lung.

It has been shown that while bronchoscopy can furnish proof of lung cancer in one-third of all cases, the Papanicolaou staining raises this to two-thirds.

Some American doctors now recommend, on suspicion alone, an explorative surgical operation of the chest, in

an endeavour to reach the remaining one-third.

But unless medical means for protecting mankind from cancer are discovered, all the magnificent successes of the last thirty years will have been in vain—and as far as diseases of the respiratory system are concerned, the death rate may be larger than ever it was before. Finding a real cure for cancer anywhere almost certainly means understanding the very process of life itself. And this could happen, too.

So could the discovery of a cure for the common cold. So far this has eluded medical researchers—although almost everyone else has a certain remedy. There is now, however, quite a lot of new knowledge about this pest.

The cold is due to a virus, but its complications are produced by bacteria which take advantage of the inflamed state of the nose and throat.

Are sneezes a menace?

The coarse droplets sprayed out in a sneeze are not so harmful as might be thought, unless a big one scores a direct hit. Shaking out an infected handkerchief in a room, on the other hand, releases an infective cloud for the benefit of everyone present.

Colds are most infectious in their early stages. One trouble is that they can be caught from carriers who have the virus but, owing to a temporary immunity, no symptoms.

A carrier may develop a cold himself without being infected, if his resistance is lowered by cold feet and draughts. Chilling the body causes a reflex contraction of the blood vessels in the nose and so lowers the temperature in the nose and throat, which dries up the natural protection of mucus and allows the virus scope for its activities.

The increase of colds in the winter is less due to the weather than to people crowding together in ill-ventilated transport and public places.

The most promising line of attack on colds at present is the use of handkerchiefs impregnated with a germ-killing substance.

In many lung diseases, patients are given breathing exercises, with much benefit, and this has led to the idea that breathing is something we all do badly and could be taught to do better.

This is not so. Breathing is an entirely automatic process, regulated by the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood. The moment the carbon dioxide goes above normal, a message is sent by the nervous system to the respiratory centre in the brain, and the rate of breathing is immediately increased.

Breathing exercises are needed only by those whose muscles respond to this in the wrong way. We breathe both with our ribs and with our diaphragms.

Many asthmatics and bronchitics use their ribs but not the diaphragm, so that the upper parts of the lungs get well ventilated, but the lower parts have hardly any air entering them, and form a stagnant pool of mucus and germs.

Teaching patients to use the whole of their lungs clears up infection and enables them to breathe more slowly and more comfortably.

If we are very tired, or bored, our muscles may be sluggish in responding to the message from the respiratory centre for quicker breathing. We go on accumulating carbon dioxide until the centre gets really annoyed and sends out a peremptory message, on which we take a sudden deep breath, or even yawn.

Deliberate rapid breathing will soon wash all the carbon dioxide out of the blood. I remember an enthusiast for some breathing "method" telling me that he had made a great discovery.

If he breathed rapidly for two minutes, it pepped him up so much that he could then run up three flights of stairs without being at all breathless at the top.

In fact, anyone can do this. By getting rid of all our carbon dioxide in this way, we do not need to breathe again until we have accumulated some more. So we have the choice of doing our panting before we start up the stairs or when we get to the top.

Fortunately it does not occur to most of us to do this, or there would be some strange sights in the lobbies of blocks of flats.

THE END

In short

Regimental At Home

So this is the hut where you sleep. Doesn't it smell *clean*? Is that your bed?

Yes, Mum.

You don't keep your things as neat as that at home. And who polishes the floor? You don't, surely?

Yes, Mum.

Oh, Sergeant, how do you get my son to be so tidy? I've had him for nineteen years and he still throws his clothes all round the room.

Well, Ma'am, he and I have a sort of understanding, haven't we, Private Smith?

Yes, Sarn't.

I don't know how you do it. Tell me, what floor polish do you use?

It's just something the quartermaster issues, Ma'am. But it's the bumper that brings up the shine, isn't it, Private Smith?

Yes, Sarn't.

You never told me about bumpers, Willie.

No, Mum.

I hope he doesn't give you any trouble, Sergeant, fainting on parade. He says he doesn't get enough to eat.

If you ask me, he's overfed, Ma'am. All these lads who go home at weekends eat too much.

He says he doesn't get enough sleep, either.

If you don't mind my saying so, Ma'am, you shouldn't let him lie in bed on Sunday mornings. It ruins all our good work here. I don't approve of these weekend passes. Just when we're licking the lads into shape they go home and gorge and sleep and wear drainpipes. Still, they can't grow long hair at weekends, can they, Private Smith?

No, Sarn't.

Well, it's been very interesting to compare notes.

Don't worry about your son, Ma'am. I think I'll be able to make something out of him—won't I, Private Smith?

Yes, Sarn't.

E. S. TURNER

Sally In The Soup

What did I think, Sally said, she'd just been stopped by one of those researching people, complete with notebook and pencil, and asked how she made soup. Soup! I could see at once how hard it would be for her to give a straight answer.

Sally said that when faced with it she hardly knew herself how she made soup; her soups seemed to *happen*, with a fortuitous mixture of left-overs and whatever exotic ingredient the spirit of the hour moved her to throw in.

Well, they stood there for half an hour, she told me, and the woman's eyes got wider and wider as Sally tried to remember all the various odds and ends she'd been tossing into the pot lately. Mint and mushroom stalks, she knew, came into one soup, but was it the sorrel (substitute groundsel) *crème* or the tinned shrimp *bisque*, or the one she founded on a base of slightly blackened carrots, disguised with beef extract, stuffed olives and artichoke bottoms. It was after that that the woman stopped writing and backed away.

She'd only gone a hundred yards when Sally remembered a vital fact. So she shrieked across the road to her *not* to bruise the bottoms. She had to shout pretty loud, said Sally, and all the traffic stopped.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Iced Drink

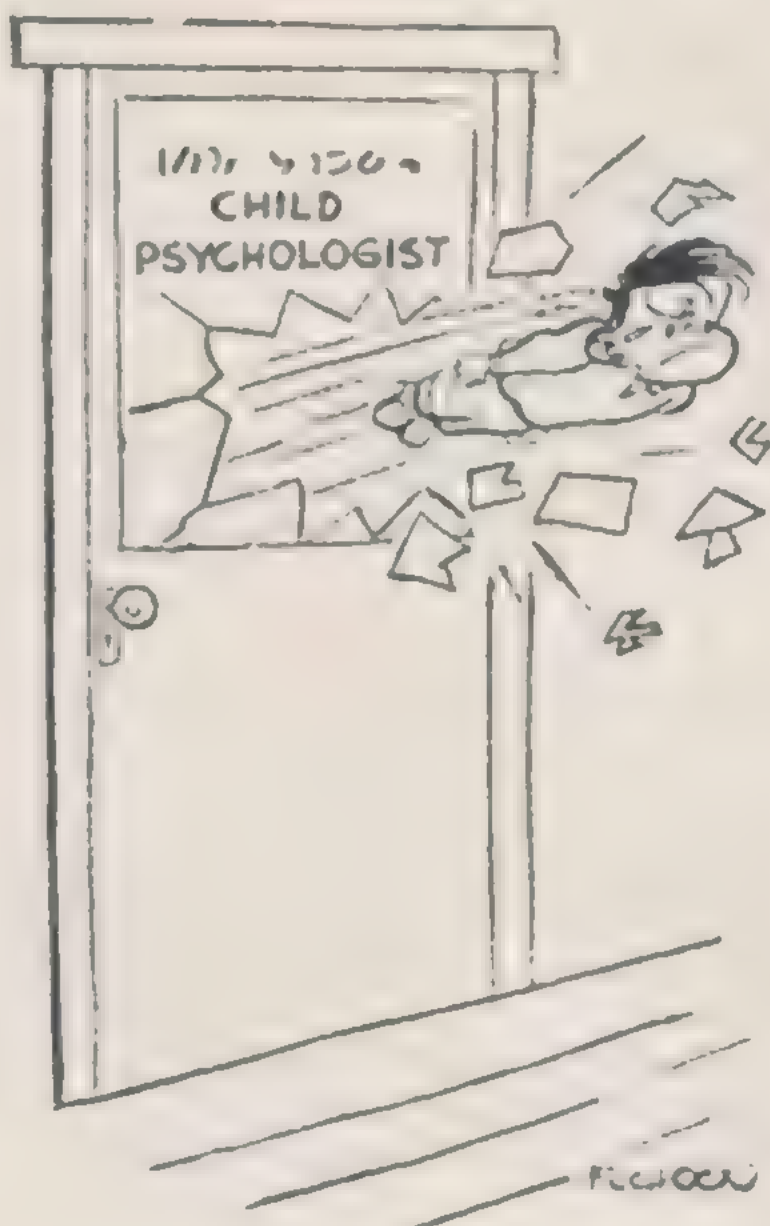
How cunningly the ice holds back

And lingers underneath

And lets you raise and tilt the glass,

Then smacks you in the teeth.

RICHARD ARMOUR



Foreign Affairs

An irate caller telephoned a Sydney car-hire firm to report the non-arrival of a cab ordered to take him to the Kingsford-Smith Airport.

"Sorry it's late," reported the switchboard girl. "But don't worry. That particular airline is always late."

"It will be this morning," retorted the caller sharply. "I happen to be the pilot."

Missie, a collie belonging to four Minneapolis, Minnesota, airline stewardesses, was given a tranquillizer pill when a thunderstorm threatened. Left alone, Missie became so tranquil that she let a burglar crawl through an unlocked window and ransack the house.

Married to a traitor

continued from page 14

softly in English: "Paul, tell me quickly, why did you do it?"

With, apparently, all his old self-assurance, Paul Cole whispered his urgent reply: "Of course I didn't do it, Suzie. How could you believe such things of a man like me? But I had to pretend to make a 'confession' in front of the Deuxième Bureau, for reasons which I can't explain to you just now."

"Good acting, wasn't it, eh? If you still have any doubts about me, wait until you get out of prison, then go to Geneva and contact the British Consulate. A colonel who works there can tell you that truly I am a British agent. And you can tell him everything that has happened to me."

Suzanne began to feel slightly reassured.

But hope was soon dashed when she followed Cole into the big courtroom and was allowed to stand at the back and listen to his trial. The story of his treachery was unfolded in detail and with military precision.

Cole had never been a British officer. He had been a sergeant of the British Expeditionary Force who had deserted his regiment, absconded with the mess funds, and taken shelter with various French families in the north, to whom he had told his fanciful stories. Then, for a while, he had indeed done good work in helping British soldiers to escape and building up the network in the north. But at the moment when he was arrested he had capitulated to the Germans without hesitation, and had become their willing tool.

At the beginning of the proceedings Cole told the court in a firm, convincing voice: "I am a British officer who always fought for my country. I have never betrayed a soul." But gradually he faltered. The case against him was overwhelming. And Suzanne heard the officer-president of the court-martial formally condemn him to death "for delivering Frenchmen into the hands of the Germans."

For once, Cole maintained his dignity, and he showed no special emotion as he turned smartly and walked from the court. He did not even glance at the woman who had become his wife, and whom, too, he had tried to deliver to the Germans.

Then Suzanne was led forward to take the place of Cole on the stand. Her own trial did not take long. The president asked her: "Is it true that you worked to aid a British escape network?" and Suzanne frankly admitted it, for there seemed no point in doing anything else. But she told the court: "My father fought in the first World War, and when the second one came, and I saw my country occupied, it seemed to me to be my duty to help in any way I could—and that's why I did what I did."

"Did you ever suspect that Cole was a traitor?"

"Never."

Triffe himself gave evidence on Suzanne's behalf. He said that, after long inquiry by the D.S.T., he had become convinced that Suzanne had been the completely innocent victim of Paul Cole.

Even the prosecuting officer appeared to be moved by the sight of the attractive but haggard young woman, about to become a mother. "This young girl should not be punished for her misplaced patriotism in helping Allied soldiers to escape."

Without further discussion Suzanne was acquitted.

Suzanne stumbled out through the gates of the prison that evening in late August, 1942, almost in a trance. People turned and stared, that fine summer night, at the spectacle of the dishevelled girl, weeping silently to herself, as she wandered through the streets.

Some weeks later she reached Marseilles, where members of the escape organization found her a tiny bedroom in a cheap hotel. They gave her a small allowance from the organization's scanty funds. She had no wish to resume her Resistance activities. Her

one ambition was to get to Britain before her baby was born.

But members of the organization told her frankly that they dared not let her take the risk of attempting the dangerous and arduous journey across the Pyrenees. They did not seem anxious, either, to let her travel by the alternative route which was being used for escapes at that time, feluccas which left Marseilles at dead of night and made their way to Gibraltar.

Several left while Suzanne was waiting in Marseilles, one carrying nearly a hundred people.

On October 30, 1942, Suzanne's son, Patrick, was born. He had light brown hair and blue eyes and, despite all his mother had been through, he seemed a healthy and happy baby. The dingy hotel in which she had her tiny room did not accept babies.

Suzanne had been given the address of a midwife and, regretfully, she decided to let Patrick be boarded out with her, while she tried to find some other accommodation in the overcrowded city. Every day she visited the midwife's house, wrapped Patrick in a shawl, and took him out for a walk, carrying him in her arms through the busy Marseilles streets, because she could not afford a pram.

She wrote a letter to Paul Cole in Fort Montluc telling him of the birth of his son, but he never answered, or else was not allowed to answer.

Cole gets a reprieve

Suzanne was so preoccupied with her baby that she almost lost track of what was happening in the war. But she was stirred by the news of the Allied landings at Oran, and when, as a result, the Germans announced that they were moving in to occupy the whole of southern France, she quickly realized that this would mean that one of the first acts of the German Field Security Police would be to search for, find—and liberate—Paul Cole.

Thus he was saved from the sentence of death for which he had been waiting in Fort Montluc and lived to do further work for his German masters and bring further sorrow to Suzanne.

Increasingly Suzanne began to grow anxious about the health of her baby. He seemed listless, unhappy and, physically, he made no progress at all. She could not understand it, for on her ration card she was entitled as a mother to a special allowance of tinned milk for her baby, and this she regularly bought and handed over to the midwife who was looking after him.

Finally she discovered the reason for Patrick's weakness—and it was one which, almost as much as the affair of Cole, shook her faith in human nature. One day at the midwife's house Suzanne commented to the maidservant on the baby's poor condition. The girl gave her an odd look. "Maybe he'd do better if he was getting his proper food," she said.

Suzanne made inquiries and to her horror she found that the midwife to whom she had entrusted Patrick—and although she was herself the mother of two children—had been selling the baby's tins of condensed milk on the black market. Suzanne stormed into the woman and in a fit of desperation took Patrick straight out of the house.

With Patrick in her arms she went back to her hotel and pleaded with the manageress to allow her to keep her baby with her, at least for a few nights until she could find a room somewhere else. "Very well," said the woman, "but if your baby cries at night and disturbs the other guests, I'm afraid you'll both have to leave."

Suzanne carried Patrick up to her room, improvised a cot for him, and after that nursed him herself night and day.

© Gordon Young, 1958

NEXT WEEK: Suzanne gets an ultimatum—"Name your Friends"

APPRENTICE ASSASSIN

by GERALD KERSH

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

THE most arresting face I ever saw had no distinguishing marks or characteristics. It belonged to an elderly jeweller who was known as Old Gold, and was interesting to a connoisseur of faces much as disjointed fragments of ancient parchment are interesting to an antiquary: it was a little heap of disconnected expressions, somewhat blurred by time and fate, and impossible to read in its entirety.

You felt that if only you could arrange it in its original order, there would appear something of vast significance.

I met him first in Paris when, idly window-shopping in the tangle of streets on the left bank of the Seine, I saw, in his window, a scarf-pin that attracted me. When I went into his tiny shop, Old Gold was playing, left hand against right, with a pair of dice on a green baize tray. I had never seen such dice; nor such throwing.

His every cast turned up a natural—six and five, six and one, four and three, or five and two—when he threw with his right hand. But when he threw with his left, only the losing numbers came up—double six, two and one, and double one.

WITHOUT appearing to look at me, although I could feel his scrutiny, he said, in heavily accented English:

"You are interested in my dice? I amuse myself with them, like the Emperor Claudius, playing left hand against right. It keeps the hands supple, and clarifies the intellect. They are part of a set of six dice made for some nobleman, probably Russian, a couple of hundred years ago, for the game of hazard. I wish I had the set.

"They are made of mammoth-ivory, and the spots are of inlaid gold. And there is the trick—some of the inlays go deeper than others, so that they are, in fact, loaded dice, gold being heavy . . . unless you have the knack of handling them which, no doubt, the gentleman had who caused them to be made; and which I have learned. . . .

"But what can I do for you?" he asked.

I pointed out the pin which had caught my fancy. Old Gold picked it up contemptuously, and said, "Junk. This is not a gentleman's pin. It is half a pair of ear-rings, mounted on a pin; and not even a lady's ear-ring, at that. Try this."

And he handed me a pin mounted with a half-opaque, grey-white stone, in the heart of which was embedded something like a tiny tree. "Genuine moss-agate," he said. "It came out of an old brooch. You can have it for three thousand francs. Play your cards right, and you can make a fortune."

"How?"

"Excuse my answering a question with a question. How many people



*The child smiled at me, not knowing that
my chocolate box held death . . . for her*

Apprentice assassin

continued from previous page

are there in Paris? Say, five million. How many of these wear a tie-pin? Say, five thousand, at the most. The odds are about a thousand to one against anybody you meet wearing a pin in his tie. Of these, about four thousand five hundred will wear a pearl or a horseshoe, perhaps.

"You eat in company, in restaurants, no doubt. Lead up to it; complain of the vegetables which, you will say, are not fresh. Eventually, safely wagger—pretending to be drunk—that you have on your person the oldest vegetable in Paris. Lay odds of five hundred to fifty. The stakes being held, produce this pin. The moss inside it is about a hundred million years old, and in a perfect state of preservation."

"That would be cheating," I said. "By pure chance, looking up another word beginning with M in the encyclopedia, I happened to notice that the moss in moss-agate isn't really a vegetable at all, but what they call a 'dendritic inclusion.'"

He snapped his supple old fingers and exclaimed: "A chance in twenty million! Take the pin for a present, and come behind for a cup of tea." He added: "Dendritic inclusion may also mean a fossilized moss, if you want to split hairs. . . . Fania!"

Obedient to his call, there came from the back parlour the most stately and beautiful girl I had ever seen in three dimensions. She walked like a queen until she was within a yard of me, when Old Gold said: "Fania! How many more times must I tell you to put your glass on when you are in the shop?"

SHE took out of her pocket a pair of diabolically-angled spectacles with ornate rims, put them on and saw me, and said: "Oh, how d'you do, Monsieur?"

"Tea," said the old man.

When she was gone, he said: "My grand-niece Fania. A good girl, but vain—she won't wear her glasses. There is a certain courage that comes of myopia, though. She once frightened an armed thief out of the shop by walking up to him and peering down the barrel of his pistol. . . ."

So Old Gold ran on, until I gathered that he had come to France in 1905, and went to work as a bookkeeper for a jeweller.

By hard study he became an accountant and an actuary, which accounted for his deeply-rooted interest in the odds for or against a specified chance. Then he proceeded to make a fortune by what others called "lucky" investments.

He was always a jump or two ahead of any slump or crash or boom. At last he retired, but the fever of commerce was in his blood. So, like a wise man, he went back to his beginnings and opened a little jewellery shop, dealing not in precious stones, but in old and quaint stuff.

And, in between times, played with loaded dice, left hand against right, for imaginary stakes. . . .

"They used to call me The Student sixty years ago," said Old Gold, blowing on his tea.

Who were *They*? I'll tell you later. . . .

The last time I opened a book with real interest was ten months ago, and that was not, properly speaking, a book: it was a gem, an *objet d'art*.

And who brought it into my shop? A type to which I am allergic. More gentlemanly than a gentleman, more English than the English.

Women love them. I do not. This one came in, a shade too quickly, with a package under his arm. It had a newspaper folded over it. I went on playing with my silly dice. Then I said, "Yes?"

"Here is something that may interest you," he said; and took out something almost square and quite heavy, carefully wrapped in a very old piece of purple velvet.

It was a book, yes—but what a book! It was about ten inches by nine, and the covers were of pure silver about a

quarter of an inch thick, hinged to the spine of the book, which was also of silver. Front cover, spine and clasp were most wonderfully engraved and inlaid, in a beautiful floral pattern, with every possible variety of what fools call "semi-precious" stones, in all the colours of the garden.

I opened this book. It was an album, such as girls used to keep in old times. On the flyleaf was an inscription.

"I see," I said to the owner of the book, "that this was presented to the Countess Bogatyrov by the Tsar Alexander the Second on her seventeenth birthday in the year 1823."

"What, you read Russian?" he asked superciliously.

I answered: "Before you were born. I can also accommodate you in English, Polish, German, Finnish, Latin, Hebrew and Greek. Also a little Turkish."

"That book has been in my family for generations," said he. "It is full of valuable autographs."

And indeed it was. Pushkin had written a verse in it, *To Irina*; Gogol had written in it; Lermontov had contributed a gloomy sonnet; Borodin had scrawled a few bars of some tune

old memories were coming back to me.

Perhaps he had some vestige of conscience left, for he said: "I don't exactly want to sell it. I want to raise money on it until tomorrow."

"I am not a pawnbroker," I said. "Try one of them."

"I did," he said, with that engaging frankness peculiar to his breed, "and none of the thieves would offer a centime more than twenty-five thousand francs."

I observed that the newspaper, in which the album had been covered, was folded back at the sporting-page, and that he had marked a horse called Gay Debonair.

HE went on: "I need at least forty thousand. Hold the book as security, and tomorrow afternoon I promise to pay you back sixty."

"Very well," I said. "I'll let you have forty thousand francs, and hold the book as security. I will give you a note in writing that, on receipt of sixty thousand francs in cash, the book will be returned to its owner."

I wrote the note, took the album, and gave him the money. With the notes in his hand he swelled up like a frog, and became even more objectionable. He felt that he had charmed me.

"Interesting dice, those," he said. "Do you play?"

"For my own amusement, one hand

called flesh—but she herself lunched daily on beefsteak across the street. Such is the woman who is now Tatiana, of Tatiana's Tea Room. . . .

I went to Tatiana's because I knew that there I was certain to find Osip, who used to be called The Theoretician. He almost lives on the premises. He gets a living by misprinting, by hand, a four-page paper in Russian, entitled *The Accuser!* Very simply; he picks up the day before yesterday's daily newspaper and translates the editorial. At the head of each stolen editorial he prints some such headline as: IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO AGREE WITH THE FOLLOWING. His old friends buy advertising space for old time's sake.

When I found him that afternoon, he was poring over a week-old account of a prizefight, above which he had already written:

!!! BRUTAL SPECTACLE !!!

I treated him to an aperitif. As usual he started to reminisce, in his bantering way. I was not in the mood, but I was patient.

"Aha!" he said. "How times have changed. The Student—a bloated gold merchant! *The Man Who Didn't*, I called you when you came back from the bridge, with your chocolate box under your arm and your face like wax. . . . So Bogatyrov died in his bed after all, of kidney trouble. . . ."

I had known that Osip would come around to this subject; it was supposed to be a sore point with me.

You see, in the old days there were many secret societies in Russia. The Militant-Reformists, of which I was a member, was the least significant.

One day our leader, The Genius, called a midnight meeting, and said that enough was enough; the time had come to act; and not to talk. General Bogatyrov had broken up a riot with a cavalry charge and was on his way to get another decoration.

The Genius knew everything: even the general's itinerary. (The Genius turned out to be an agent of the secret police.) At such-and-such a moment he would pass in his carriage over a certain bridge. The weather being hot, the windows of the carriage would be open. And here was our big chance.

He, The Genius, had procured explosive, fuse and detonator, which would be made into a most terrible bomb by the ingenuity of an East Prussian comrade named Ruhmkorff, The Chemist.

NOW there was no nonsense about The Genius. The one who threw this bomb into General Bogatyrov's carriage was, he said—as if we didn't know—a dead man; but it would be like Jason planting the dragon's teeth: an army would spring from his bones.

We all volunteered in one voice—especially Tatiana, The Beauty. I drew the short straw.

So The Genius gave me instructions: I was to dress as a young man of property—I was a personable little fellow then, believe it or not—and wait by the bridge, with the bomb in an elegant French chocolate box under my arm; just like a comfortable out-of-town landowner waiting for his fiancée.

As the carriage of General Bogatyrov passed I was to pull the blue ribbon with which the chocolate box was tied, thus starting the mechanism, and throw it neatly into the carriage.

It was all arranged. Nothing could go wrong. Everybody said goodbye to me, and The Beauty kissed me passionately. So I took my heavy chocolate box and lounged about the bridge, waiting. . . .

My friend, I have lived nearly eighty years; but never have I lived so long as in that half hour of time. At last I heard horses, and someone said: "Here he is."

First came a number of plain-clothes policemen mounted on bicycles. Then a cavalry escort. Then the carriage. It was a closed carriage, but with open windows, as The Genius had predicted.

And there sat General Bogatyrov. My fingers tightened on the ribbon of the chocolate box. Bogatyrov was eighty yards away, sixty, forty. . . .

But then I saw that the general was not alone in the carriage. Seated by him was a girl, a mere child of thirteen or so, with golden hair and blue eyes, dressed all in blue and carrying a



Lovers' glances

Who, intercepting lovers' glances, can
Completely comprehend what message lies
In the bright looks that are in lovers' eyes?
Who, seeing woman smile across at man,
Can be quite sure of no more meaning than
Mechanical politeness? What disguise
Do lovers use for laughter when the wise
Think they see love, long after love began?
If he looks up at her across a room
She knows that, were she near enough, he would
Put out his hand in greeting to her hand.
She talks with others—but he knows for whom
She almost smiles . . . more clearly than words could,
His eyes reply—and her eyes understand.

ELIZABETH ANNE KNIGHT



(I cannot read music) and so forth.

And in between, carefully covered with tissue-paper, were certain poor old pressed flowers and locks of faded hair. Evidently this album had passed from mother to daughter through several generations, and had been much loved and cherished. I tell you, a bibliophile would have given his right hand for those pages, as I would have given mine for their covers.

"Your name, I take it, is Bogatyrov?" I asked.

He replied, proudly: "No. I am a Dolgorúcki. My aunt is a Bogatyrov."

"And she gave you this album?"

"Yes."

I KNEW then that he was lying, as I had expected he would; because, in giving away such an heirloom, a woman gives away her soul; and her mothers' souls before her. Furthermore, the last entry in the album was, perhaps, the most touching of all. It was dated 1914, and, translated, read: *For Elizaveta my undying love. Andréy. Underneath, in a woman's hand: He died at Tannenberg and my heart died with him. . . . What woman would give that away?*

I played with my dice and observed this liar without seeming to, until, as I had foreseen, he became fidgety and asked: "Well?"

"What do you want for this album?" I asked, controlling my voice; certain

against the other, to pass time." I said.

"Fancy a little game?" he asked.

"I seldom gamble," I said. "But if you like. . . ."

Half an hour later he had only ten thousand francs and was perspiring.

"Stop here. The dice are against you. Take your ten thousand francs, and my advice. Don't put your money on Gay Debonair—put it on The Macaroni."

At the age of nineteen, in Moscow, I belonged to a tiny group called the Militant Reformists, under the leadership of a man we called The Genius.

We all had our nicknames, or *sobriquets*. I, for instance, was The Student, because I read books and wore pince-nez. Then there was The Economist, who had a scheme whereby all men might be made equal overnight; and The Theoretician, who wrote inflammatory leaflets; and a woman, The Beauty, who was supposed to be irresistible. This was in the year 1903. The Beauty was, perhaps, the most dangerous and reckless of the lot. The most perverse woman I ever met.

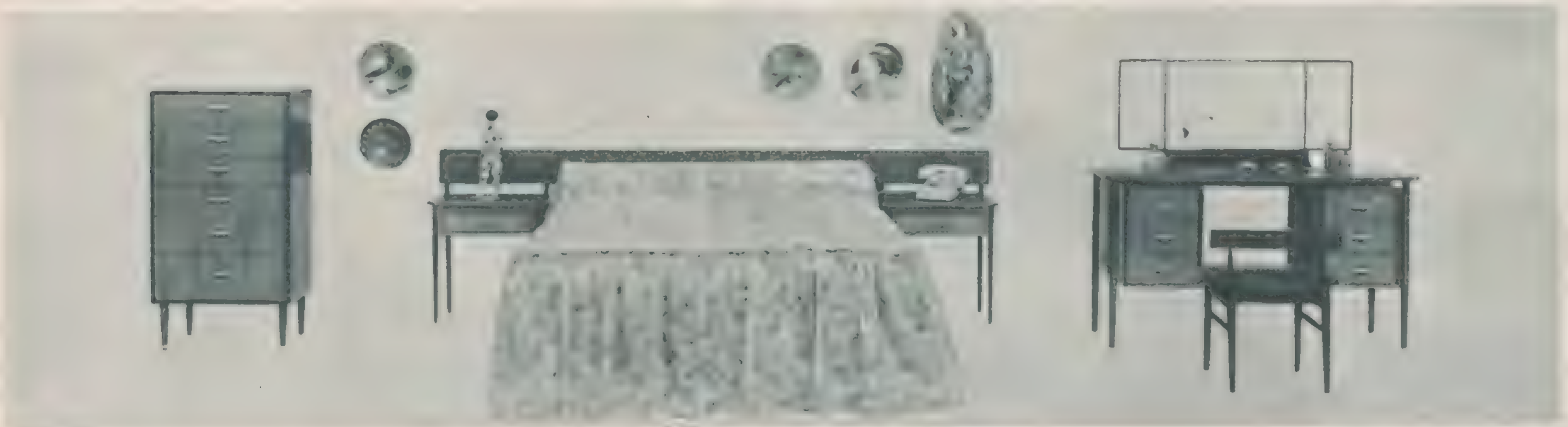
She is, still; she was the noisiest atheist and free-love talker that ever was—yet when she suspected a young man of toying with her daughter's affections, she drove him to the altar at the point of a pistol.

When she came to Paris, she opened a vegetarian restaurant near the Sorbonne, on the grounds that it was wrong to eat what she contemptuously

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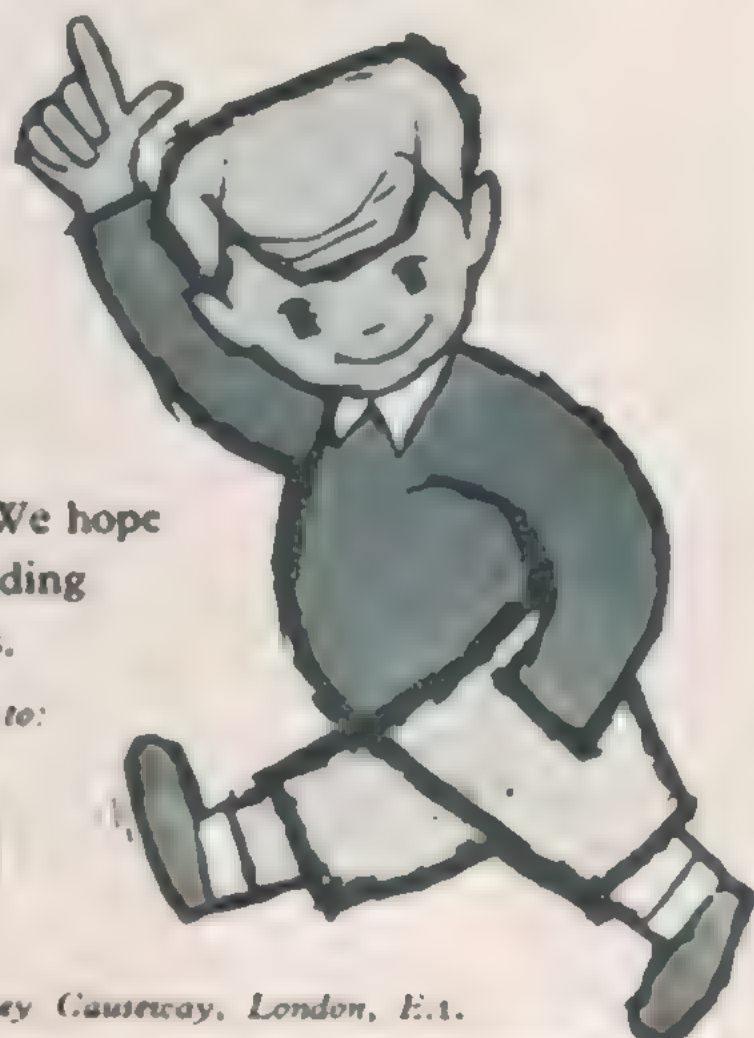
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Apprentice assassin

continued from page 32.

little bouquet of blue flowers. Our eyes met, the child's and mine, and she smiled and nodded. Then the carriage had passed; and I found myself standing, hat in hand, my chocolate box secure under my arm, and my mouth hanging wide open.

A cigarette seller said, "Ah, she's a pretty one, the Countess Elizaveta!" But I did not answer.

I went back to the hotel and carefully put the bomb back on the washing stand where it had been assembled.

"Disconnect this," I said to Ruhmkorff. "Bogatyrov I will kill with pleasure. But I cannot make war on women and children, and there was a young girl in the carriage. . . ."

The Beauty sprang at me. She despised precious stones and all property, but wore several valuable diamond rings, "in case of sudden emergency," as she said. I still bear the scar.

But The Genius pulled her away and said, in his smoothest voice: "Perhaps The Student was right. Perhaps it might have done us no good in the world at large, to kill a small girl. Go home and rest, Student—but be here at eleven o'clock tomorrow night for a discussion."

. . . But by eleven o'clock next morning I was on a train rushing to the German border; for I never liked The Genius when he spoke soothingly.

So I came to Paris. And one by one the other members of our party followed. But Osip always called me The Man Who Didn't. . . .

"I wonder what became of her," I said, ordering more tea.

"Osip knew all about it, as I suspected he might. 'Elizaveta Bogatyrov?' he said. 'Ha! She put a few small-ads in *The Accuser*! a few years ago, in Russian and French, offering her services as an expert needlewoman and embroideress, and so forth."

"She got out before Lenin's *coup d'état*, but somebody stole most of her jewels and stuff, so she was broke," he went on. "She was to marry some Southerner, somebody called Bostanjoglo, a major of infantry, I think."

"That's right. Killed at Tannenberg in the marshes, I heard."

"Where is she now, then?" I asked.

"I don't know. The last I heard, she was working for a Madame Deschamps, who likes to have a gentlewoman, a noblewoman, washing her stockings and things. It would have been better to have chucked that chocolate box, Student."

"I must be getting back," I said.

BEING tired now, I took a taxi, mentally charging it against the nephew's account; but not before I had gone back to the shop and taken the album out of the safe.

Madame Deschamps was not at home, but a maid told me Mademoiselle Bogatyrov's address.

The old countess lives in a rowdy, wretched neighbourhood, in two little rooms five floors up. I walked part of the way there.

On the way, I paused at the window of a *pâtisserie*, for something had caught my eye—a box of chocolates tied with blue ribbon; an immense box which, properly filled, would have contained at least four pounds.

I went into the shop. The young lady said, "Of course, there's only one layer of chocolates."

"I'll take one," I said. "You like sweets?"

She complained of getting fat, although she displayed a figure worthy of Artemis.

"Keep the chocolates, then; I want only the box," I said, and emptied it on to the counter.

Looking back as I left, I saw her making a little twirling motion with her right forefinger at her temple—which, in any language, means *screw loose*. In the street, I put the album with its velvet case into the box; and with this under my arm, climbed the stairs to the countess's rooms.

She answered my knock. Looking at

her I felt, with a kind of pain in the heart, that I too was very old. Her eyes were still blue, but faded and rimmed with red as if she had been crying; and she still wore blue, also faded. Her hair was magnificent, though it was no longer golden, but of a clean silver, done in a pompadour, and she carried herself like a queen.

"I am sorry," she said. "I am not buying anything today."

I said, in Russian: "But I have something for you, madame." I presented the box. "I found it on the Metro," I said.

She opened the box, saw the album, and uttered such a cry as I have never heard before—of joy and pain.

"I have looked high and low," she said, when she had done crying, and had fallen into that disturbing state between laughter and tears. "How did you find it? How did you know it was mine?"

EXTEMPORE, I said, "I find things out, because I work for a finance agency. I collect back payments on bad debts. And I would recommend you to be more careful with your money, because I see that there are twenty thousand francs in notes—between two pages towards the back."

She looked, and there was the money. Naturally; I had put it there. . . .

Now she regained her composure. She took out four thousand-franc notes, and handed them to me with an imperial gesture. "Please accept this for your trouble," she said.

I took the money humbly, and heard her say under her breath: "A chocolate box tied with blue ribbon. . . . I seem to remember riding with Grandpapa in a carriage, and there was a little man with funny eyes carrying just such a box; and I said to Grandpapa, 'I think he was going to give me that box of chocolates; if he had, I'd have thrown him my flowers. . . . Or perhaps I dreamed it.'"

"Hide your property more carefully, please," I said.

"Oh, I will, I will! And thank you, thank you!"

On the way back I bought an evening newspaper. The Macaroni had won in a canter at twenty to one. Although I am not a gambling man, I follow the horses; they keep the actuarial part of my mind alert. . . .

Her nephew who was, as he said, a Dolgorucki, was waiting for me on my doorstep when I opened the shop next morning. By the look of him, he had had what we used to call a night on the tiles—but I could see by his swagger that he had money in his pocket.

"Now," he said, flinging down the piece of writing I had given him, and taking out a wallet. "Here's your sixty thousand and an extra ten for yourself. Let's have the book as arranged."

I said, "That. Oh, yes. . . . and put the money in the till. Then I said, 'I have written here: *Returned To Its Owner*. That has already been done; the album is in the possession of your aunt, the Countess Bogatyrov. We are all square. If you try and steal that album again it won't travel two miles before you are apprehended. Now go."

He went, because there was no argument.

So I showed a little profit on the deal and had some. . . . call it fun, if you like. . . .

But then his niece Fania called him into the shop. "Oh, Uncle," she cried, radiant and beautiful. "That red bracelet for five thousand francs. I sold it to a lady."

"What red bracelet for five thousand francs?" Old Gold asked. She held out the slip. He looked at it and then said in a terrible voice: "Fania, put your glasses on!"

She did so, and began to cry.

The slip read: "Fr. 50,000."

Old Gold shrugged and said: "Easy come, easy go. . . ."

THE END

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Buried alive in concrete

continued from page 15

talked incessantly, jollying Sorhan along.

Sullivan asked: "Can you move your legs, Pat?"

Sorhan swore at him. "How the blazes can I move my legs with this lot on top of them?"

"Take it easy, boy. Take it easy now," Tow told him.

Sorhan felt the cold, wet concrete squeezing his chest, as if he were being crushed between two walls. As the moisture seeped through his clothes he began to shiver uncontrollably.

"It's getting me round the chest," he whispered. "I can feel it. It's starting to set."

Tow and Sullivan put a rope round the last of the obstructing planks and it was heaved out of the hole.

The Chinese tore at the concrete round Sorhan's chest and arms, loading it into two buckets that had been lowered on ropes. The concrete rolled back into the holes he dug and for a time he seemed to make no progress.

Spades were passed into the hole, but Tow and Sullivan could not handle them properly in the confined space.

The ambulance men arrived. Round the lip of the hole, and higher still on the street pavement, a crowd gathered. A woman passed down a miniature bottle of brandy for the trapped man. Sorhan, with one hand free now, gulped the drink feverishly. He had been in the concrete for half an hour.

Tow tore the sleeves off his shirt and wrapped them round his bleeding hands. The concrete grew stiffer.

From the street came the sound of a fire engine. The crowd round the hole swelled.

Suddenly Sorhan noticed soil sprinkling around him. He looked up and saw the sides of the hole bulging just above his head.

He yelled: "Clear them from the hole. It's caving in with the weight."

All but the two men raising and lowering the buckets moved back. Tow and Sullivan braced the walls with planks.

Slowly, as the hand digging continued, the level of the concrete fell. Sorhan, with his chest freed, breathed more comfortably.

But around his waist and over his legs the concrete continued to harden. As it sets, concrete generates heat, and Sorhan could feel his thighs warming. Fears beset him again as he thought of a road drill freeing his encased legs.

"You'll not get me free in time," he said. "It's going to get my legs."

Tow, a steel erector by trade, called

to one of his mates for a sling. He and Sullivan put it round Sorhan's chest, fastened a rope to it and told the men above to pull, cautiously. The concrete held the Irishman's legs fast.

He bore the strain till the pain in his back made him cry out: "Let go. Let go."

His torso flopped back against the side of the hole.

Using spades with sawn-off handles, Tow and Sullivan hacked frenziedly into the concrete. Sorhan, both hands free now, helped to fill the buckets.

"Come on, boy," Tow said. "You're doing fine."

Piece by piece Tow and Sullivan prised the concrete from his thighs. When they saw the top of one of his rubber boots they called for the rope and sling again. Once more the men above tried to pull Sorhan out. Tow and Sullivan supported him. By wriggling his feet he managed to ease them out of the boots. Out of the concrete. He was free. It was 3.15.

"Don't tell my wife"

His two rescuers carried him up the ladder to the fresh air. On the floor of the building site the ambulance men opened his shirt front and briefly manipulated his arms to stimulate deep breathing.

As they carried him up to street level and to the ambulance a policeman asked him, with notebook at the ready: "Would you like us to inform your wife?"

"No, no. Not unless they keep me in hospital."

Three hundred yards along the road, in the casualty department of the Middlesex Hospital, nurses cut off Sorhan's hardened outer clothing and a doctor pronounced him uninjured except for a slight back strain.

To Sorhan, the hospital procedures seemed to take an immoderate length of time, and as six o'clock approached he grew anxious. Every day he arrived home not later than six-thirty; his wife Nancy would worry if he were late.

To his relief, the hospital provided a car to take him home and he actually arrived earlier than usual.

Nancy Sorhan met him at the front door, made anxious by his arrival in the car.

With a trace of the blarney returning, he began to explain: "D'you remember that film, *Give Us This Day*? Well, you'll never believe this, but the same thing happened to me today. . . ."

THE END



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The Rosebud



*Thirza had fought the railway
for years. Now death was riding
on the 8.10 and she was ready to
fight that too—for a child's life*

LAST year's accident on the Rosebud Line was not one of those tremendous disasters which keep the press occupied for a week or more, though it was very serious. It was the lead story for all the London papers and there was a solemn announcement in the B.B.C.'s news bulletins: *Four people were killed and seventeen injured, some seriously, when a local train was derailed near Craymouth Junction last night.*

The Rosebud Line curves round the estuary from Melhaven, through buttercup fields and little woods. It skirts the cottages of West Cray and actually passes right through Thirza Burrage's old-world garden on its way to Craymouth Central and Craymouth Beach.

And thereby hangs an old tale, for it was Thirza's great-great-grandfather who had strenuously opposed and almost prevented the railway's coming, as each Burrage generation strenuously opposed the current brand of progress as a matter of principle.

Thirza, approaching sixty, resented the fact that tripper-laden trains approached within ten yards of her door; that before feeding the chickens in her orchard she frequently had to wait till such a train passed, standing aloof and greyly dignified as the younger flowering of the Welfare State waved their buckets and spades; then open the gate and use the crossing with all the caution demanded by the printed notice.

All that, to get to her orchard, her chickens. And so that such deplorable people could ride past. . . . In Thirza's younger days Craymouth had at least been select. Colonels, red-faced and retired, exchanged memories of India, children and their nurses decorously promenaded, invalids regained their health with becoming grace.

But Craymouth had now become all but engulfed in New Cray, with its sprouting crop of TV aerials, its juke-boxes and coffee bars. With each development Thirza retired farther into her shell. A woman came in four days

a week. So did a jobbing gardener. Thirza seldom went out of the grounds, and nobody came to see her.

Except the Reverend Michael Brown. Since Victoria's accession the vicars of Craymouth had been as genteel and colourless as Craymouth itself. Michael David Brown broke that tradition as noisily and vehemently as he knew how. Nobody could imagine why he had been chosen for Craymouth. Few could imagine why he was a parson at all.

After his induction the local press hinted cautiously that it was probably a gesture towards the deplorably pagan element which had invaded the town since light industry had been introduced. They hoped, piously, but without enthusiasm, that his hoped-for new church on Riverbank Estate would materialize.

Michael was a tall, thin, fiercely energetic young man with an exceedingly pretty wife. Within three months he had redecorated Holy Trinity, organized a thriving youth club, argued religion with the fishermen in their own pubs and was holding services on the sands—services that were supported by the Methodists and led by the Salvation Army band.

He stood on a box, hair streaming in the wind, long-fingered hands held wide. "I'm a man like any of you," he bawled at the Craymouthians fling into the Harbour Arms, the trippers down from London, the young pagans of the Riverbank Estate. "The only difference is that I believe in something and most of you don't."

His congregation glared at him and he glared back. "That's why I wear my collar back to front. It shows I believe in something. Sometimes I'm not sure what, but I'd rather be that way than your way. Now you listen to me. . . ."

When it was over he walked proudly with Doris along the promenade, sat down near the Floral Hall and stuck his feet on the rails, cooling off.

"Competition next week," he said, nodding towards a poster. "Miss

Line

by THURMAN WARRINER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR DION

Beachwear of 1958. What about it?" He grinned down at her.

"Don't be an idiot. Me, a parson's wife!"

"There's nothing in Holy Writ that prohibits a parson's wife being as pretty as a stockbroker's," he muttered darkly. "And you're the prettiest girl in Craymouth."

"I'll be the prettiest widow if you don't ease up, Mike. Do you have to worry about them so much?"

"I'm getting to know them," he said. "You start worrying about people when you know them. Take the Burrage woman. . . ."

"Mike, she's probably quite happy the way she is."

"Nobody," he said, "can live with a closed heart. I've heard a lot about her."

"Can you tell me, or can't you, or don't you want to?"

He lit his pipe, squinting at the grey horizon. "I've been wondering about that. I'll be seeing her tomorrow with any luck. Tell you then."

THIRZA BURRAGE took him into a cool, old-fashioned sitting-room and came to the point straight away. He might have been trying to sell insurance.

"It's kind of you to call, Mr. Brown," she said. "I do appreciate that. But I'm perfectly satisfied with the state of my body, mind and soul."

"You're lucky," Mike said. "I only wish I could say the same for myself."

They sat on the edges of opposite chairs, eyeing each other warily. Thirza Burrage was a slight, grey, austere woman, her features calmly composed, her emotions carefully reined.

"I expected you earlier," she told him. "Your three predecessors made a point of calling almost before they put up new curtains at the vicarage."

He nodded brightly. "I did think of hiring a carriage and pair and going around—what is it, leaving cards? With my wife, of course. But she isn't the type. I married an art student with no social pretensions."

Thirza Burrage looked at him speculatively. Before she could reply, he was making his next point.

"Besides, my predecessors enjoyed a Craymouth that had never known the Fun Park and the slipper factory and Riverbank Estate in all its glory. There are so many common people around nowadays."

"And they take precedence, of course?" she murmured.

"You'd take precedence if you got married, died, brought me a child to

baptize, or got worried about the state of your soul."

"You need their money and their patronage, I suppose? It's always easy to appeal to the mob, Mr. Brown."

"There's no such animal as the mob, Miss Burrage. You can only look into one pair of eyes at a time."

"You're looking very critically into mine at the moment," she said.

He laughed. "Call it admiringly. You've a lovely home, Miss Burrage. All of Craymouth beyond your window. Everything any reasonable person could want. That may be the reason you seldom leave it."

"It may be," she admitted cautiously.

"Even to come to church. . . . My verger still polishes the Burrage pew."

"Is that an oblique way of asking me to attend?"

"Nothing oblique about it. No, it's a direct request."

Waiting for her reply, Michael Brown listened to the rumble of an approaching train. A crystal bowl on the table dithered and chattered as the three coaches rattled along the cutting and past the house.

"Churchgoing tends to become a habit, Mr. Brown," said Thirza Burrage when all was quiet again. "So does staying away. I've acquired the habit of staying away."

He nodded. "But once in a while, perhaps? There's community hymn singing next Sunday night. It'll be quite a do. Methodists, too—we're all in. It's going to be broadcast."

"I'll listen," Miss Burrage said, "on the radio."

MIKE grinned. "That cuts the ground from right under me. Because I had another request to make."

"Now we come to the heart of the matter," said Miss Burrage ironically. "You want a subscription?"

"Knowing how heavily taxed the upper middle classes are, I wouldn't dream of it. No, I'm organizing a garden party in September. Could we use your grounds, Miss Burrage?"

"No," she said without finesse.

He hunched his shoulders. "I suppose I shouldn't have asked," he said. "I should have realized what a marquee would do to your lawns."

"And five hundred trampling feet. . . . But I do appreciate your fighting spirit, Mr. Brown. I would find it easier to call you Mike than Vicar. You're so boyish."

"I'd like you to do that," he said.

"I'd like that, Thirza."

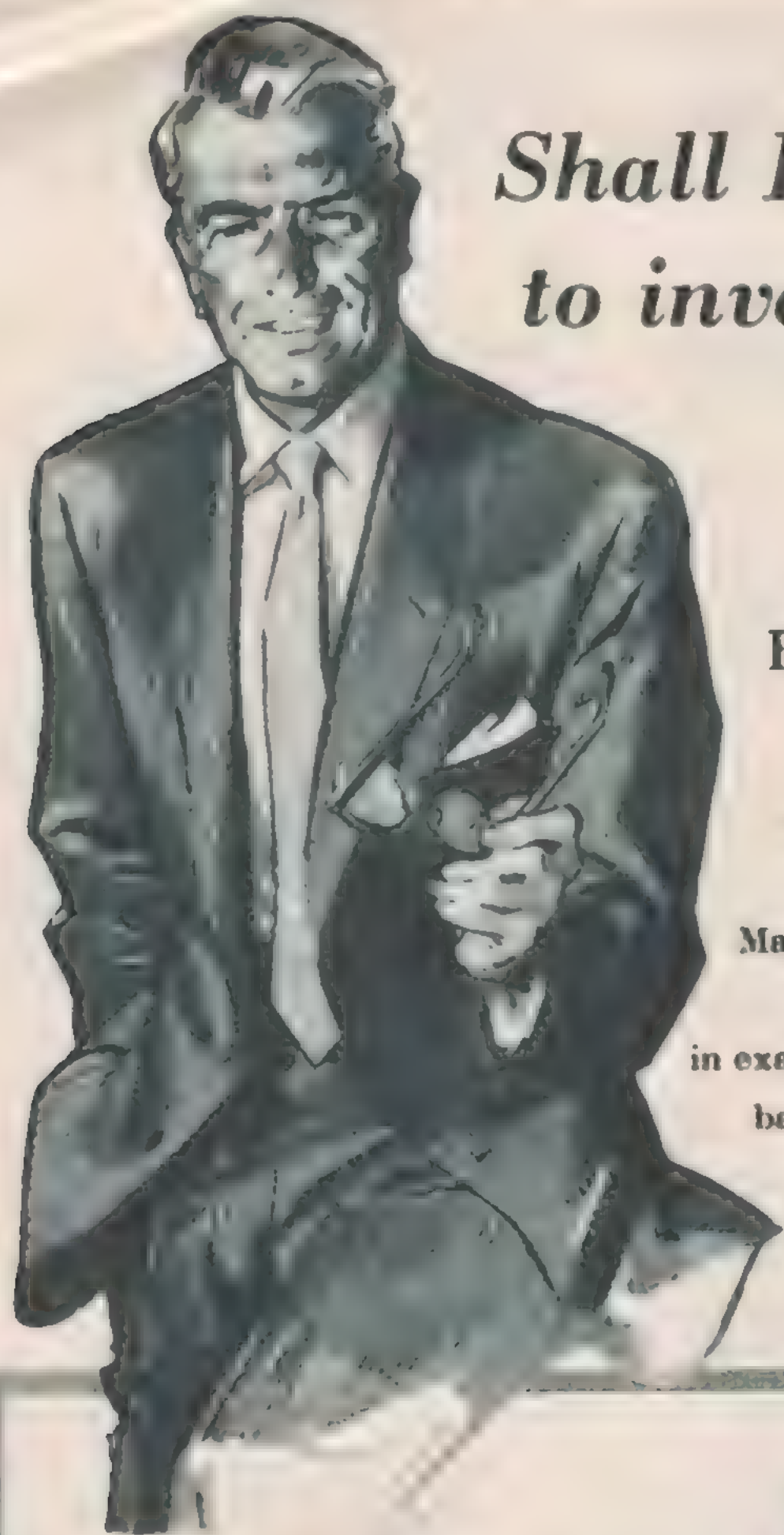
Her eyes narrowed as she stared

"Only alive because of me?" Thirza said wonderingly. And she walked slowly over towards the child



The Rosebud Line

continued from previous page



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really well?*

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across the table at him. He rose from
the edge of his chair and went towards
the door.

"That wasn't an easy familiarity,"
he said over his shoulder. "I only said
it because I don't think anybody's
called you Thirza for far too long a
time."

He told Doris about it an hour later.

"Last of ten stiff-necked genera-
tions," he said. "I've checked up on
her. India was the only natural home
for people like the Burrages. Most of
them had a spell there. They owned
half the land Craymouth's built on.
Father was a snap-eyed martinet,
mother a pining invalid—a snob in a
bathchair."

"I thought you liked kidneys on
toast," Doris said reprovingly.

Michael glanced down at his plate,
took a mouthful and waved the toast
in mid-air.

"She's sixtyish," he went on.
"Married in 1918. Had a weekend
honeymoon under the parental roof.
They say there are two rooms nobody
goes into but herself. Husband killed
a week after his leave was up."

"That was a long time ago, Mike."

He looked at her curiously. "What's
the relationship between time and
love?" He paused for a moment. "She
still calls herself Thirza Burrage. Miss
Burrage. What makes her do that?
There would have been a child. She
lost it."

Doris sat very still, looking at him
across the supper table as Thirza had
looked at him not long before.

"She took up nursing. Then, when
her father was taken ill, she came back
and looked after him till he died. That
was in nineteen thirty-five. Then she
took care of her mother till she died
in nineteen forty."

"Eighteen years ago!"

"Something has to be done with
her."

"What if she can only do it for her-
self, Mike?"

He shook his head. "What is it—
parental fixation? The child she lost?
I dunno. . . . But, when you've lost
everything you love, you're probably
afraid to love again because you may
lose again. You imprison yourself
rather than take that risk. Then
something has to be done for you.
You're past the point of being able to
do it for yourself."

Through the long days of June and
the sultry heat of July, Michael's
curious friendship with Thirza Burrage
flourished. He would drop in, unan-
nounced, at all hours of the day.
Sometimes he strolled about the garden
or lazed in the hammock and left with-
out even troubling to knock on the
door.

Or he would go into the kitchen and
make coffee, bringing it to her in the

sitting-room. And occasionally he lured
her into the garden, too, and embar-
rassed her by waving joyfully to the
children in those trains that slid like
giant toys along the Rosebud Line
towards the littered sands and wailing
jukeboxes of Craymouth Beach.

Once he nodded towards the creeper-
covered, outshot wing that stretched
almost to the edge of the low embank-
ment. "Don't you ever use those
rooms?" he asked.

She didn't answer. And he was
careful not to ask again.

Persistently, cajoling, sometimes
angrily, he asked her to come to
church, to walk over for supper and
meet Doris, to open her garden. And
always she refused. . . .

When he had gone one evening,
Thirza sat watching the sun sink into
a lake of liquid gold across the estuary.
A timber ship, top heavy with its deck
cargo, was moving up on the tide. At
such times she felt almost content. She
could think of the Reverend Michael
Brown with something approaching
affection.

From far away, she could hear the
puff-a-puff of the 8.10 from Mel-
haven—fading as the train went into
the cutting, louder again and faster as
it came down the bank, past the
cottage gardens. Thirza heard it with-
out consciously listening. The 8.10 had
passed by like this every week-night
for years.

Then it happened. . . .

It happened so swiftly, so appal-
lingly. The crashing roar was so
frighteningly loud, the stillness then so
deathly, that she sat unmoving in her
chair, all her muscles locked. She sat
there though the house had rocked and
swayed, and the electric chandelier had
fallen across the table in a cloud of
plaster.

When she got up, she moved like a
string-jerked marionette to the
inner door, the door to those tomb-like
memory-haunted rooms. She leaned
weakly against the door jamb, unwill-
ing, unable to believe what she saw.
The walls were gaping where the end
of the coach had crashed through. She
could see the old piano on its side; the
old-fashioned sofa, its red plush grey
with settling dust, upended crazily
among a litter of glass and splintered
woodwork.

Then she heard a cry, a scream . . .
People, silenced momentarily by terror
and shock and pain, were finding their
voices again.

A man stumbled through the door,
blood on his head, saying something
about a phone, and she shook her head.
"There isn't a telephone here," she
said.

He blundered out again. For a full
half-minute she stood there, gathering
her wits and her strength. Then she

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"Okay, your turn to drive"

went into the kitchen. She lit every gas-ring, she filled every kettle and saucepan.

From there she went to the woodshed. She was carrying an old chopping-axe as she pushed her way through the roses towards that tumbled, ghastly pile of wreckage. . . .

They found her, after midnight, in a dead faint at the top of the stairs. For hours she had moved from room to room, calm and efficient, superintending till the doctors came, working under their orders then. The ambulances had come and gone. Her linen, torn in strips, lay about the house like so many stained and tattered banners.

ONLY the child was still there, on Thirza's own bed, and the mother sitting distractedly beside her. The child was a sweet-faced little girl with life flickering and guttering so low that she could not be moved yet.

It was Mike who found Thirza at the top of the stairs. He brought her round, but wasted no sympathy on her.

"You'd better come to the vicarage," he said. "This place is a shambles."

"I'll sleep in the bathroom," she retorted.

She had gone for the child first, frenziedly smashing through the roof of the overturned coach. Mike knew that, but he kept it to himself.

Next morning, there were big stories in the London papers. And on Friday the local paper wrote glowingly in Thirza's praise.

For three weeks Mike was careful not to mention the matter. He called on Thirza much as usual, and they talked of delphiniums and the debased taste for espresso coffee and the growing embarrassment of the Government.

Then, one day, she said to him with a meaning smile: "Mike, why do you so ostentatiously carry that three-week-old copy of the *Craymouth Herald* in your jacket pocket?"

"I wasn't sure whether you had one," he said.

"I have. I'd like to know where they got that photograph."

"From the Town Clerk. He had a crush on you when you were seventeen and seems to have treasured it ever since. You were quite a girl in those days, Thirza. Curious that it's taken this to bring you out of your shell."

"It hasn't," she said blandly.

"No?" said Mike.

"Not at all. I'm only concerned with repairing the breach. The Railway Executive, or whatever ridiculous name they call themselves nowadays, will have to rebuild the old wing—to my specification. I've already taken legal advice and I shall fight for every farthing I can get."

He gently clapped his hands. "Bravo! But you'll never live down your fame, Thirza. The accolade of the press, you know. . . ."

"What I did was without any especial significance," she said in a clear voice. "It was merely my early training asserting itself."

Mike finished stuffing his pipe and put a match to it. "Okay, if that's the way you feel. I was hoping you'd come up for supper. It's fish night, and Doris does the most remarkable things with fish. I've asked you so often."

She shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said. "But I do feel guilty at times about the persuasive powers you've used for so long with no reward, Mike. So as a Burrage whose pew is polished in absence. . . ."

She opened a drawer and held out a cheque.

He glanced at it, folded it, and handed it back. "I don't want your fifty pounds, Thirza," he said. "I couldn't take it from such a poor woman."

He got up, rumpling his hair, just as there came a timid knock on the outer door.

He followed Thirza out to the porch, intending to leave, but when he saw who was there, he scratched his chin and waited for Thirza's reactions.

A young man, a young woman, and

a small flaxen-haired girl stood diffidently on the step.

The young woman spoke first. "We thought we'd call," she said, "and say goodbye. They let Esmé leave hospital today, and—we wanted to thank you."

"Whatever for?" asked Thirza. "Well, for everything you did," the young woman said. "I mean, the way you looked after Esmé."

Mike spoke from inside the porch. "It was merely Miss Burrage's early training asserting itself. She used to be a nurse. Whenever she sees blood she tears sheets."

The little girl, understanding this even less than her parents did, had wandered towards the roses and was intently watching a butterfly. And Mike noticed that Thirza was just as intently watching the child.

Thirza said: "It's very kind of you to call, Mrs.—please do forgive me, but I don't remember your name."

"I'm Maureen Pierce, and this is John. . . . Only I thought, with the way you rang up the hospital every day, asking about Esmé. . . ."

Mike coughed gently. Thirza was still watching the child.

"Matron says that Esmé's only alive because of you," young Pierce said. "The things you did before the doctors came—you saved her for us."

"Only alive because of me?" Thirza repeated. "Did you say that?" She went slowly towards the child, touching her hair and her lips. "Only alive because of me!"

Mike told Doris later that it was an inexplicable thing, a wonderful, beautiful, terrible thing that happened in those moments while Thirza knelt on the grass beside the child. It was a transfiguration, he said.

THIRZA got up at last, turning to the bewildered Maureen Pierce. "A child's mother could say that," she said.

"It's what Matron told me—and the doctors," Maureen glanced at her husband. "We thought maybe you'd like a photo of Esmé for a keepsake. We'll send one, soon as we're back home."

"That's very kind of you," Thirza said.

"And if you're in London. . . ."

"I come up sometimes," Thirza said.

Mike coughed again, knowing that Thirza hadn't been in London for twenty-five years.

"We'd be really glad to see you."

"I'd be glad to call," Thirza said.

"We'll put the address on the photo. It's only a little place, but it's comfortable, and it's nicer than being in a hotel, isn't it?"

"I very much dislike London hotels," Thirza said.

"You'll be welcome any time," John told her.

They all walked to the gate. The three Pierses fitted themselves into a small, well-used car, and it moved sedately towards the London road, the little girl waving through the rear window till they were out of sight.

Thirza went back to the house, very slowly. Mike spoke to her twice, but she didn't seem to hear.

She went to the inner door and opened it. Beyond, the wreckage had been cleared, the wall shored up, and a tumbled smother of roses hid the torn garden. She stood looking.

"Only alive because of me!" she said again.

Mike went quietly into the kitchen. He brewed a pot of strong tea and took down two cups and saucers from the cupboard. When he came back, Thirza was sitting quite calmly by the fire-filled fireplace.

He poured the tea. "Cigarette?" he asked casually, and lit one for her.

"Thanks, Mike."

"A nice couple," he said.

"I thought so."

"Pretty child, too."

"Yes, Mike, did you notice what a lovely forehead she has?"

The Vicar stirred his tea.

"Thirza," he said, "I'm willing to accept that fifty-pound cheque any time."

THE END

© Thurman Warriner, 1958



Your budgie will go hungry if its beak grows too long. Take it for treatment—to the bird dentist

My Notebook

by A VETERINARY SURGEON

RIDICULOUS as it sounds, your budgerigar may well have to have dental treatment at some time or another. Almost every day I am asked to trim and clip overgrown beaks.

This may appear to be an owner's fad, but in reality it is often a serious matter so far as your pet bird is concerned.

An overgrown beak means that your pet cannot pick up seed and soon it becomes undernourished.

The reason for an overgrown beak is still something of a mystery—diet and management don't seem to play much part in it.

Clipping will cure the trouble for a while—but it also stimulates quicker growth, and a budgerigar which needed treatment once in three months may soon have to be clipped every two weeks.

As a rule, owners like the idea of their pets going to the "dentist's" just as little as they like going themselves.

When I recommended that Shorty, a middle-aged Yorkshire terrier, should have all his teeth out, his owner was appalled.

"He won't be able to eat," Mrs. Carter said.

But Shorty's teeth were in bad condition. His breath smelled dreadfully and he kept rubbing his gums on mats, or with his paws. Eventually Mrs. Carter agreed to the operation. I did it painlessly under an anaesthetic.

Hard gums are better

The sequel was that Shorty was soon eating normally again (dogs and cats are better off with hard, healthy gums than with mouths full of diseased teeth) and he lost his bad breath.

It turned out that his teeth had been poisoning his system. Nine months after the extractions, Mrs. Carter told me: "He's much more full of fun these days. Only now do I realize that he was slowly going off-colour."

The foundations of good teeth are laid with nourishing food for the mother before the pet is born. But since this isn't usually within the control of the owner, the next best thing is to provide the dog or cat with a sensible, balanced diet.

Calcium helps, and dogs can be given it in several brands of dog biscuits. Cats get their calcium in milk.

The idea that lots of hard food is

essential for healthy teeth is wrong. Racing greyhounds are noted for their excellent dental development and they are fed entirely on soft food.

Tartar formation, the result of food specks being trapped between the teeth and the gums, is common in pets, and in particular, I see many miniature poodles with tartared teeth before they are three years old.

Tartar rubs the gums. If left unscrapped it can lead to pyorrhoea.

Dogs' and cats' mouths should be looked at regularly—say every three months—and if the teeth have accumulations of brown, or there are red inflamed areas on the gums or on the insides of the cheeks, a visit to the vet is advisable as soon as possible.

Problems of training

Even the fondest owner of a puppy can get exasperated when trying to teach it clean habits. However, the problem is not so difficult.

Some of a puppy's habits are inherent, and where house-training is concerned, the idea is to use them.

Many people seem to believe that the best way to teach a puppy cleanliness is to put it out immediately after feeding. But this does not fit in with the puppy's natural habits.

Watch any litter of five- to six-week-olds and it will be seen that they all have the same routine. They wake from sleep, leave their bed and promptly relieve themselves. They then feed and afterwards start to play. Half-way through the play period one puppy after another suddenly becomes pensive and again relieves itself.

Play is then resumed for a short time until the pups become tired and fall asleep.

House-training should make use of this routine. Every puppy ought to have fixed periods of rest, feeding and play, the first decreasing and the last increasing in length gradually, week by week.

As soon as the puppy wakes, put him out to whatever place has been decided on for toilet purposes.

Always be sure to make a fuss of him as soon as he has obliged, then bring him in and feed him.

After the feed, play with him or leave him to play by himself, but watch for that thoughtful pause. Then put him out once more.

Thus, he will soon become used to home life. It's as simple as that.

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strange sensation that he could remain there for ever.

At last he broke the silence.

"You've done a lot for David."

"He has for me," she said quickly. Then, after a pause, she looked at him, then looked away. "I wasn't that happy neither when we run across one another."

She had never told him much about herself except that she had lost both parents some years before, had lived with an aunt in London, supporting herself in a succession of underpaid posts.

"You were pretty much alone?"

"Yes," she answered.

As a heavier gust came, Henry put a supporting arm about her shoulders.

"I don't want you to feel that way ever again. You belong to us now. And we'll never let you feel lonely. My wife was speaking of that only yesterday... wondering if it wasn't dull out here sometimes for David and you. You should come into Hedleston occasionally, both of you, to a dance."

"I don't fancy dancing much," she said, then added, as though her remark might have sounded strange, "David don't either... he's not that sort. And I wouldn't change Sledon, not now, not for any place, anywhere."

It was time for them to leave. When they got back to Henry's car he heard a record going in the attic; it sounded like Bruckner, the Fourth Symphony, in E-flat major, not his taste, but a sure sign that David was seeking inspiration, so he decided not to go up.

Unobtrusively, he slipped the envelope he left at the end of every month into Cora's outside pocket. These young people were proud, but they must live. This time he said:

"That's for some seeds for your garden."

But Cora did not smile. Her face, with its high cheekbones and fine-veined, faintly hollowed cheeks, wore an odd expression.

"You're so good to us, you are; especially to me. You've made feel... you make me..." She could not continue. Suddenly, she came near to him and quickly, awkwardly, pressed her soft lips against his cold cheek.

The thought of that impulsive caress warmed him all the way home.

Monday was always a busy day—news accumulates over the weekend—and Page was at the office early. Instead of going directly upstairs he went into the copy room. This opened on to the cobbled yard, a large, old-fashioned, but well-lit room where most of the news staff worked. The premises were not large—in fact Henry

had to rent the adjoining building for his printing presses—and they were old-fashioned, but they had been exactly so for many years; they suited him, and he liked them.

Peter Fenwick, one of the sub-editors, was standing with Frank, the copy-taster, by the Associated Press machine. The news, which Page read over quickly, was not inspiring. The Middle East situation looked worse; more trouble was brewing in Cyprus.

"Anything else?" he asked.

The sheet Frank gave Henry was a teletype of Saturday's late Parliamentary proceedings. He had marked two lines in blue pencil.

In reply to a question by Mr. Burney Cadmus, North Eastern Boroughs, Mr. Philip Lester replied for the Government that, as far as he was aware, there was neither substance nor shadow in the rumour circulating on what the Hon. Member had been pleased to term Project N.R.U.

"Project N.R.U.?" Henry looked questioningly from one to the other.

"Never heard of it," Fenwick said.

"N.R.U.," Frank wrinkled his brow.

"Could it be the National Railways Union?"

"Not a chance," Fenwick answered.

"It's probably a false run. That Cadmus is always flying off the handle."

Henry gave him back the sheet.

"Still, put a follow-up man on it. Young Lewis, if you can spare him."

He went up the winding stone staircase to his office. Miss Moffat, his secretary, who also dealt with the subscriptions, was sorting the mail. Elderly, with a colourless complexion and greying hair, Moffat was practically indispensable, doing all sorts of odd and important jobs without fuss.

This morning her manner was decidedly "off." Henry sensed at once that she had something on her mind.

"He's been on the phone again," she said as soon as she saw him.

"Who?"

"Somerville."

Henry looked at her in surprise. "What did he want?"

"To speak to you. When I said you weren't in, and he obviously knew you wouldn't be—the call came in at seven thirty from Surrey—he left a message."

"Yes?"

She took her memo notebook and read from the shorthand.

"Kindly convey my personal regards to Mr. Page. Tell him that two



ACKEN.

of my executives will be in his neighbourhood next week. Say that I shall be most happy if he is good enough to permit them to call upon him."

There was a pause. Then Henry said: "What do you make of it?"

Tightening her lips, Moffat made a sharp gesture, angry and disdainful, with her head.

"He wants to buy the *Light*."

"He did. He was under the impression it was for sale. I told him he was mistaken."

"He is not the kind who makes mistakes."

"Well . . ." Henry said, at last, "even if you're right it makes no odds. He may want to buy. But I certainly don't want to sell."

"Is it as simple as that?"

"Obviously." Because Page was upset he felt himself getting annoyed. "If the paper isn't on the market how can it be bought?"

"Do you know Vernon Somerville?"

"Yes . . . at least I met him once."

SHE said: "Then you no more know him than I know the man in the moon. At least you know what he publishes. Have you seen today's *Gazette*?"

All the London dailies came into the office; they were arranged on the long, brass-bound, mahogany table by the window. She took the *Gazette* and placed it in front of him. This morning, spread over the front page, was a luridly retouched flashlight of three blood-splashed corpses, two men and a pitifully half-naked woman, sprawled on the floor of a tenement room, while above, in inch-high type, screamed the headline THE PRICE OF PASSION.

"Isn't it pretty?" Moffat said, in an indescribable tone. "It would look nice on our front page."

Although Moffat was easily put out and alarmingly ready to take offence, Henry didn't know what had come

BEGINNINGS—2

Every beginning is cheerful;
the threshold is the place of
expectation.

Goethe

over her. He had to stop that nonsense. He gave her back the paper.

"Take dictation," he said sharply.

When he had dealt with the correspondence she went next door to her machine, and he passed along the corridor to the pillared Adam room where, every morning at ten, he held conference with his staff to plan the next day's news coverage and features. Malcolm Maitland, his chief assistant editor, was already there, talking with Hartley Slade, who managed the art department; and as he entered, Poole, the sports editor, came in behind him with Horace Balmer, the advertising manager.

As they sat down at the long polished table, Henry had a sudden impulse to mention the Somerville affair, but feeling this to be weakness on his part, he refrained. They began to discuss the format of the paper, going through Maitland's news schedule item by item, deciding what should be passed and what discarded. Within an hour, after they had all spoken freely, an agreement was reached and it was possible to give some definite shape to the paper.

Page went back to his office. He had an appointment with the Reverend Gilmore, rector of St. Mark's, at eleven. It was almost that now, and Page had scarcely sat down at his desk when Gilmore came in.

He shook hands, a brisk, well-shaved Christian, exuding an aura of good-fellowship.

"Good of you to see me, Henry. You're a busy man, like myself."

He had come about the St. Mark's steeple, which in January had begun to slant. Death-watch beetle was the trouble and, since the old spire was beautiful and a landmark, Henry had opened a fund in the *Light* for its restoration.

"I've had the final estimate," the

rector went on, rustling his papers. "Much more, I'm afraid, than we anticipated. Fourteen thousand pounds."

"That's a large sum of money."

"Indeed it is, my friend. Especially since contributions to your fund are less than five thousand."

Henry did not care for that, at all. The paper's effort was purely voluntary, and although he was no Croesus, he had started off the fund with a hundred guineas of his own. However, he merely said:

"These are hard times for our country; taxes are high, and this is not a charitable time of year. Wait until next Christmas and we may do better."

"But, my dear Henry, the need is urgent."

He continued for some time in this strain, while Page's exasperation grew. Didn't he realize that all unnecessary projects and personal interests, all this eternal crying out for more, and still more, must be suppressed before the country came to ruin? Yet Page tried to bear with him, listened, discussed ways and means, promised him space on the middle page, but he was glad when the other finally got up. As Gilmore went out he slid a sheet of typescript, with a conscious air, on to Page's desk.

"Forgive me, if I leave you these few Easter verses, Henry. I trust on this occasion you may find them worthy of insertion."

The phone rang. Miss Moffat screened his calls from the switchboard downstairs, and her voice came through.

"It's London again."

"Not Somerville!" he exclaimed involuntarily, and was immediately ashamed of himself.

"No. It's from Mighill House. A Mr. Jones."

After an instant's pause he said: "Put him through."

"Mr. Henry Page? How are you, sir?" The voice had a Welsh intonation. "This is Trevor Jones, Sir Ithiel Mighill's confidential secretary. I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, sir, though I hope I may soon. Mr. Page, Sir Ithiel would like you to meet him in London . . . or at his country house in Sussex. At your earliest convenience."

Instinctively Henry guessed what was to come.

"I'm afraid I can't spare the time."

"Sir Ithiel would be happy to send his personal plane to fetch you."

"No, it's impossible."

"I assure you, Mr. Page, it would be to your advantage to come."

"Why?"

"For obvious reasons."

"I asked you why."

"Sir Ithiel understands that the *Northern Light* is on the market. He particularly wishes you to do nothing until he has talked with you."

Henry's throat tightened with sudden anger. He cut the connection abruptly. What on earth was it all about?

Why should two of the most powerful press magnates in the country suddenly turn their eyes towards a small provincial paper?

MOFFAT came in, bringing his letters, and when he had signed them he said: "I'm going out. Back at two o'clock."

"You'd better see this before you go." Impassively, she handed him a telegram.

FOLLOWING MESSAGE SUMMERVILLE THIS MORNING BEG TO ADVISE YOU I SHALL BE CALLING ON YOU NEXT TUESDAY. ANTICIPATING THE PLEASURE OF OUR MEETING, SINCERELY, HAROLD SMITH.

By this time Page was beyond surprise, but his fingers, holding the buff slip, were tense.

"I wish to God we knew what was in their minds."

Neither her expression nor her reply brought him any comfort. She said briefly: "We'll know soon enough."

The plane landed at the airport on time—twelve forty-five by Smith's Y.M.C.A. presentation watch, which he always kept accurate to the second.

"Take both the bags," he told the

Look ahead with PERCY THROWER

To adorn the side of a pool, try *euonymus radicans variegata*, says Percy Thrower. It keeps its foliage throughout the year, and makes an attractive reflection in the water



The easy way to everlasting colour

GARDEN plants have their phases of popularity the same as many other things, and right now there is a steady increase in the demand for flowering shrubs.

There are excellent reasons for this. Once planted, they are more or less permanent. Also, they call for the minimum of attention, yet, if chosen carefully, can provide colour right through the year, either as flowers or as autumn tints and berries.

Another point in their favour is their value as ground cover to fill in problem spots—slopes and so on—in a way that cuts down weeding. A shrub particularly well suited to dry banks on which most others will fail to grow is the *hypericum calycinum*, commonly known as Rose of Sharon. A low-growing evergreen, it spreads by means of creeping underground stems and has large yellow poppy-like flowers during the summer.

It is quite happy growing under trees, and I find that by cutting it down to ground level in early spring the new shoots come fresh and green, flowering freely until the autumn.

Cut down in the spring

Shrubs offering first-class ground coverage are the *ericas*, or heathers. For flowering between January and March, it is hard to beat the low-growing *erica carnea* Springwood white, *erica carnea* Pink Pearl and Queen Mary (pale carmine). All three are ideal for splashes of much-needed colour at the front of a border.

Viburnum fragrans, which has pinkish white, sweetly scented flowers, is a good choice for the middle or back of a border, or as a specimen shrub, and *forsythia intermedia* has its branches

clothed in yellow golden flowers in March. Unless pruned, it will grow large.

Hamamelis mollis, or witch hazel, is a must as far as I'm concerned. The time of flowering varies according to the season and district, but is usually between December and February. The rather spiky, golden and fragrant flowers are clustered among the branches. Eventually, the shrub grows ten or more feet high.

Prunus triloba has its long thin branches wreathed in double pink flowers, and the evergreen *berberis stenophylla* produces golden orange ones, followed by purple berries and strikingly beautiful autumn tints.

Lavender for September

For flowering from July to September, lavender and the low-growing *caryopteris clandonensis*, blue and sage-like, deserve places towards the front of a border. Behind them could go *hydrangea paniculata* with its large trusses of greenish white flowers turning to pure white and flushing with pink as they age.

Buddleias are at their best at this time of year, providing they have been pruned back hard almost to the ground in March, and in my own district of Shrewsbury the lovely hardy *fuchsias*, which the frosts level each winter, flower from July to October.

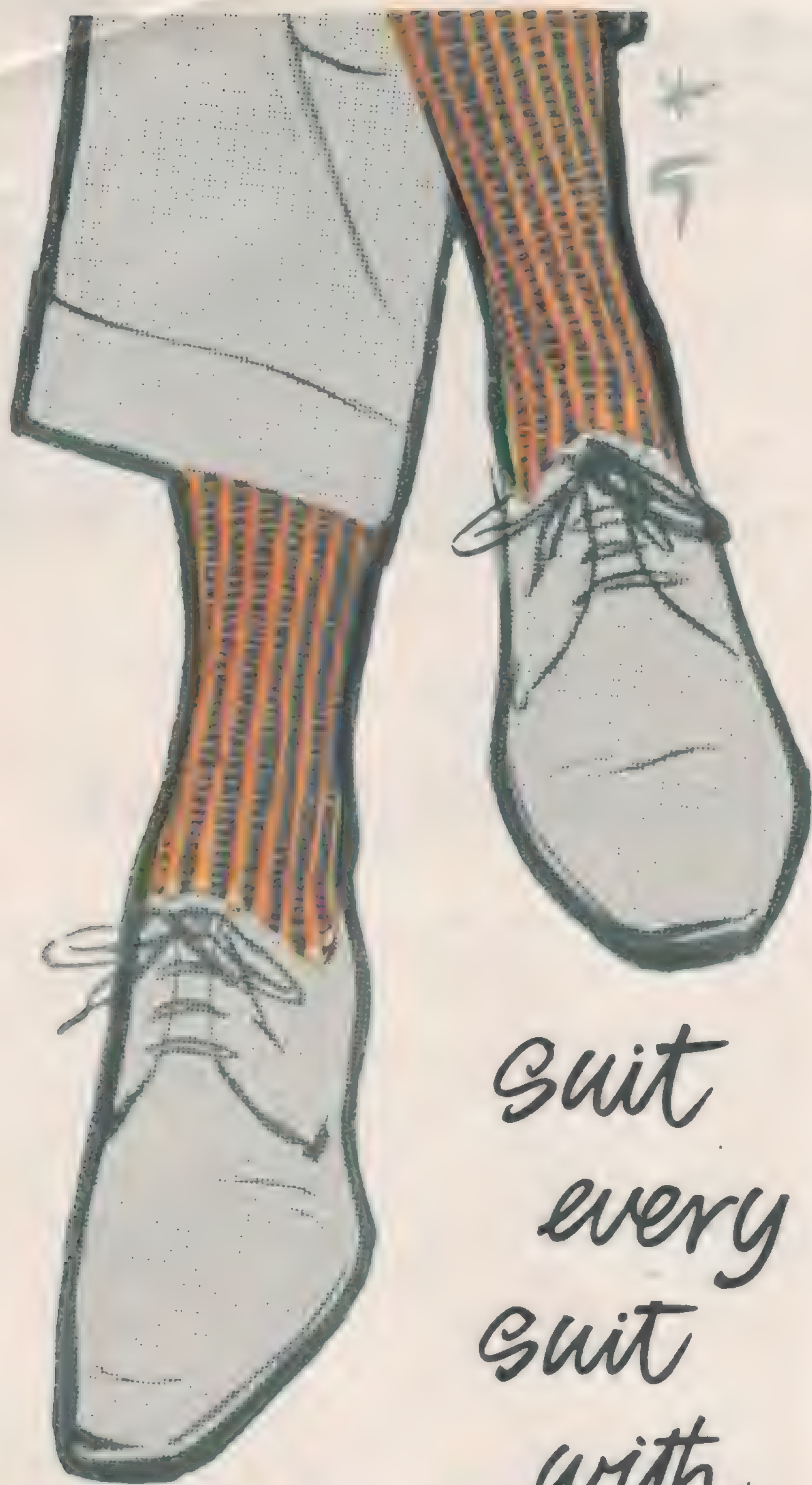
Berries and autumn tints are at their finest in October and November. The *rhus Cotinus*, or smoke bush, for example, turns golden and scarlet.

If there is room in the garden for a small tree, *Prunus subhirtella autumnalis* is a winter-flowering cherry with pinkish white semi-double flowers coming intermittently from November right through to March.

When dahlias wilt in the frost

VERY soon now the frost will blacken the tops of your dahlias. Before you lose sight of variety or colour, tie a label to the stems immediately above soil level. If variety is not known, label the colour and height. This is our planning guide for the spring. Tops can be cut off nine inches above the soil and the tubers lifted before storing away for the winter.

Leave the roots stem downwards to allow moisture to drain away. When the stems are dry, dust the tubers with yellow flowers of sulphur, wrap them in newspaper or pack them in straw, and store in a frost-proof place.



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'The Northern Light'

continued from previous page

porter. "There's a car ordered for us. The name is Mr. Harold Smith."

The flight up had been agreeable and, expanding his chest in the keen air, he felt glad to be in Tynecastle again. A handsome black Daimler drew up with a uniformed chauffeur. They put the baggage in the boot, he tipped the porter ten shillings, noted the amount in his expense book, then got in with Leonard Nye.

"It's a long time since I was here," he remarked, as they moved off. "Fifteen years."

Nye was lighting another cigarette: he was a chain smoker, a habit which, in Smith's opinion, never did anyone any good. He answered, finally: "They should have met you with the town band."

SMITH frowned slightly. He made no comment as they drove along Harcourt Street, but actually they were not half a mile from the poor apartment where his mother, widowed when he was only seven, struggled and sacrificed to let him take his articles as a qualified chartered accountant. And now, within sight almost of that mean neighbourhood, he was returning—to the opportunity of his career.

When they had passed through the city he leaned forward and unhooked the speaking tube.

"What do you call yourself, my man?"

"Purvis, sir."

"No, no. Your first name." He made a practice of being on friendly terms with anyone who worked for him.

"Fred, sir."

"Good. Well, Fred, don't take the direct road to Hedleston. Cut off at Bankwell and go by Utley Moor."

"That's a long way round, sir. And the road's none too good."

"Never mind, Fred. Take it."

This was Smith's home ground. He'd never cared much for London. If one owned a fine house in Curzon Street, like Mr. Somerville, with an estate in the green belt by way of a change, there was something to be said for London life. But a suburb such as Muswell Hill, where he resided, was less agreeable.

They were drawing near to Utley. Nye had his eyes half closed, his bare head—he never wore a hat—sunk down in his camel-hair coat. He had been on the town the night before and had slept all the way in the plane.

Unobserved, Smith studied him, acknowledging his good figure and smart appearance—the light brown hair, waved, and with one bleached strand, the well-manicured hands, the severe dark suit. Nye was a dandy, all right, though he looked older than his thirty-two years.

"Wake up, Leonard. We're on top of Utley." Smith wanted to stop the car but thought the driver might wonder at their interest in this remote spot. However, the lie of the land was plainly visible, a big open sweep of bracken and heather, broken only by low stone walls, real North Country moorland. "Well, there's the site," he went on in an undertone. "Pretty as a picture postcard. It seems a shame what they'll do to it. Chimneys and prefabs all over the place."

"Who cares? It's good for nothing else. And it's bloody cold up here. Tell Frederick to get a move on."

"It's only one fifteen. Page won't expect us until the afternoon. Before we see him we'll register at the hotel."

"The usual provincial dump?"

"No, it's a Trust House. The Red Lion. First class."

"It had better be. I've a feeling this business is going to take longer than you think."

"Don't worry," Smith said. "It should be easy now Mighill isn't competing."

"I wonder why he dropped out so quick," Nye said, with sudden thoughtfulness. "It's out of character for old Ithiel."

"His Sunday illustrated is costing

him too much; he can't match the figure we're prepared to spend."

"That's too simple. Mighill and Vernon love each other like a mongoose and a cobra. As for money, Vernon himself isn't too flush these days."

"He's made us a handsome allocation."

"You know why?"

"He wants the *Northern Light*."

Nye looked at his companion as though he'd said something foolish.

"You mean he needs it."

After that, there was a silence, while they began to descend the hill. Beneath them in the valley, clear and shining in the rain-washed air, lay the slate roofs of Hedleston, offset by the green dome of the town hall and the delicate grey spire of St. Mark's.

At the Red Lion they booked in and Nye strolled off in the direction of the bar and Smith went up to his room, unpacked, then rang the bell, and ordered a double ham sandwich and a glass of milk. He wasn't too worried about Nye drinking; he could put away any amount and never show it. Leonard Nye was smart, and no mistake, perhaps too smart—Smith decided he must find an opportunity to make it clear that Mr. Somerville had put him in charge of their enterprise.

He ate his snack in large appreciative bites, had a wash and a brush-up and inspected himself in the mirror, then went downstairs in search of Nye.

He found him in the bar finishing a drink and talking with the barman.

"It's nearly three. Don't you want to freshen up?"

"What for?" Nye said. "The natives can learn to love me as I am."

As they went out, he added, "I pumped something out of that yokel. Page has a social wife who seems an altogether foolish and pretentious person, a kid daughter who likes to dance, also a dope of a son who won't work on the paper."

The car was waiting. Fred saluted, and a moment later drove off in good style. Smith meant to be calm, but as they went along Queen Street the perspiration began to break on the back

BEGINNINGS—3

The beginnings and endings of all human undertakings are untidy.

John Galsworthy

of his neck and the palms of his hands. He was naturally a heavy sweater, and the nearer he drew to the interview ahead, the more vital it seemed. Nye, on the other hand, wore an air of complete indifference. In five minutes they were at the *Northern Light* building, and were shown up to Page's office.

As the two men entered, Henry dismissed Moffatt, who was filing the subscription returns, and asked them to be seated. Smith, unbuttoning his coat, his briefcase held between his knees, took a quick glance at Page, cleared his throat, began with a few pleasant remarks, then tactfully came to the point.

"Mr. Page," he said, "may I say that we approach you in the most cordial and friendly spirit. You know, of course, the reason of our being here. The Somerville group is sincerely interested in your publication."

Henry seemed to reflect for a moment.

"What I cannot understand is why there should be this interest in the *Light*."

Since Page was apparently ignorant of the proposed N.R.U. scheme, Smith felt it no part of his duty to enlighten him. He merely said, with perfect truth: "We are anxious to expand. Also, we know the reputation of your paper, Mr. Page."

"You believe that to be good?"

"We do, sir." This was an opportunity for a compliment. "We consider

the *Northern Light* absolutely first in its own class."

"Then why should I sell it?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Page," Smith leaned forward, speaking slowly and impressively. "So far, owing to exceptional circumstances, you have been able to stand off the competition of the big London dailies. But that state of affairs cannot last."

"I disagree. We are more than holding our own. Our latest figures show an increase of four thousand over the corresponding period last year. Our circulation is eighty thousand, whereas I question if in this area you sell more than nine thousand of your *Gazette*. As for Mighill's *Globe*, fewer than seven thousand come in and good many of them are returned."

"Granted. We know you've done well, Mr. Page; we're not belittling your achievement in holding the fort. But times are changing very fast. What with our immense technical advances, special train and air transport services, and, above all, our fixed determination to expand, competition is going to be much fiercer. There are only half a dozen independent papers of your type left in the provinces, and I promise you, within two or three years they will all be absorbed."

PAGE said: "They may be, but not the *Northern Light*."

"Naturally you are confident, Mr. Page. But while I won't go into ancient history, I have no doubt you will remember the case of the *West Country Bulletin* last year."

"Only too well. It was absolutely iniquitous."

"Of course you recollect it was the Jotham group, not us, who were responsible. But it was a very sad affair . . . a small paper trying to fight off a great wealthy London organization, people losing their livelihoods, the local shareholders being ruined, and all because a little common sense was not employed in the first place. Now, it seems to me that any reasonable man would hate to see that occur again."

"Is that a threat?"

"My dear Mr. Page," Smith said quickly, "nothing could be further from the truth. I am merely trying to point out how very favourable this present situation could be for your good self. Now, if I may have your attention." He opened his briefcase and took out a sheaf of papers. "We estimate that the entire property is worth seventy-five thousand pounds. Naturally, our first offer to you was purely tentative. I am now authorized to double the original amount and to make you a firm offer of one hundred thousand pounds for the *Northern Light*."

Henry didn't answer immediately. He kept looking from one to the other until Smith felt sure he was going to accept. Then he said, moderately:

"I've no quarrel with you, gentlemen. You are only doing your job. Still . . . you must realize what's happening to our press today. A few powerful groups, bent on extending their empires at all costs, are reaching out for every paper they want, with no higher objective than increasing circulation and outselling their rivals in the cut-throat competition that now exists."

Smith was about to interrupt, when Henry went on.

"We all of us know the power of the press . . . for good or evil. It's incalculable. It can make or break an individual, create or destroy a government; it may even, heaven help us, start a war. It's the application of this power, without restraint or responsibility, towards ends that are entirely unworthy, by certain papers with enormous national coverage, that is the curse of our country today and may well be its ruination tomorrow."

While Page was talking, Nye had become increasingly restive. Now he suddenly broke in.

"I suppose you exempt your own lily-white product from this ruination business?"

"I do," Page answered calmly. "In its own limited sphere it follows those great papers that have maintained their principles—papers that lead and educate the people, and try to create intelligent citizens, rather than a nation of gaping



primitives reared on a mixture of sex, sensation, and scandalous gossip."

"You don't seem to like sex."

"Not when it's thrown at me, day after day, in a bikini."

Nye had begun to sit up.

"Let me inform you," he said, with a sneer, "since it may not have penetrated to your chaste and sheltered nook, that some of our citizens like to see little floosies in bikinis. Sex and money are the two main objectives of the human race. Why run away from it? You ought to know that nothing sells a paper like a damn good adultery."

"Indeed," Page took up some clippings from his desk. "You've honoured me by doing some research on my publication. I, on my side, have collected some excerpts from yours over the past four days. Here are just a few of the headlines: MONTMARTRE NUDES ENTICE LONELY TOURISTS. BLUSHING BRIDE EXPOSED AS BIGAMIST. STRIP-TEASE ARTIST TO ENTER CONVENT. MALE SEX MANIAC RUNS AMOK. WHITE SLAVES OF THE HAREM. I won't go on with your pernicious drivel. I merely tell you outright even if I were desperate to sell, I would never do so to the *Gazette*."

"Now look, Mr. Page," Smith, on the edge of his chair, was really anxious; everything seemed to be going wrong. "Don't let's be hasty. Take a few days to think things over."

HENRY said: "My decision is final." "Then," Nye said, "we'll have to see that you get a little extra competition. And believe me, it will be strong."

"I'm afraid you are making a grave mistake, Mr. Page," Smith threw Nye a look in a belated attempt to shut him up. "We are quite determined to establish ourselves here by fair and legitimate means. We offer to buy, make you a most generous price. You refuse. Therefore we are forced to start an opposition paper. It's a free country. You admit we have a perfect right to come in."

"You have the right," Henry said, more slowly than before, "but you will never succeed. In the first place our population is not large enough to support two papers. And in the second, the *Light* is so firmly established nothing will supplant it."

There was a pause. Smith let out a long breath and stood up.

"Well, sir, it deeply grieves me that we've failed to reach an agreement and must come into conflict, for, if you will permit me to say so, even though our

meeting has been short, I like and respect you. And I will promise you one thing—that we fight you fair and square, with everything open and above-board. May I offer you my hand on that, sir?"

Smith held out his hand, and when Page extended his, shook it firmly. Nye, of course, offered no such civility. He lit a cigarette, dropped the spent match in the corner waste basket, and preceded Smith through the door.

As soon as they were in the car he let out a few polite oaths.

"You didn't help," Smith said sharply. "You only put his back up."

IMMEDIATELY they reached the hotel he went into the telephone booth and called the head office. He made his report to Mr. Greeley, his own particular chief. After a long conversation which confirmed the instructions he had already received, he rejoined Nye.

"We're to go ahead . . . exactly as planned. Don't worry, it may take a little longer, but we'll do the job together."

"We!" Nye said. "From now on we're just a couple of puppets. They'll pull the strings in London. And we'll stay here and stand the racket."

Smith looked at his watch—past four o'clock—and although he felt like sitting down to a good North Country tea, this was not the time for delay.

"Let's get out to Mossburn right away. The sooner we take up our option there, the better."

After a night of restless worrying, Page's steady nerves reasserted themselves. Next morning he reached the office in good spirits, prepared for any eventuality.

Moffat, when she had said good morning, proffered a handbill of the ordinary give-away type, heavily smudged, still damp from the press. She said:

"They have bought the *Mossburn Chronicle*."

It was a possibility he might have foreseen. In Mossburn, not more than twelve miles distant, Herbert Rickaby, the ageing proprietor of the *Chronicle*—a weekly devoted to local news in the agricultural area it served—had for some time been anxious to sell. While the opening was undoubtedly limited, it at least provided a base.

Glancing through the leaflet, Henry saw that it was an announcement of the purchase, with the statement that in future the paper would be known as

the *Daily Chronicle* and would be widely distributed in Hedleston and district. There followed an exaggerated forecast of the merits of the new publication.

Moffatt was watching his expression.

"They've half a dozen men from the labour exchange giving these away by the hundreds. And a row of sandwich-boards parading outside the station."

"Well," Page said, "at least we know where we are."

His first thought was to get all his staff together and make some sort of address, but the idea, distastefully theatrical, was so foreign to his nature that he dismissed it. Instead he waited until ten o'clock and went along the corridor for his morning news conference in the usual way.

THE five department heads were already assembled and became so suddenly silent as he entered and took his seat that, although he felt far from gay, he had to smile.

"Well, gentlemen, it appears we are going to have some opposition in the town. I gather you've all seen this." He held up the handbill.

"I wonder how much they paid Rickaby?" Poole speculated, and as nobody answered, he added, "Little enough, I'll bet. The old boy was dying to get out."

"But how will they do anything with that plant?" Balmer shrugged, so that his stiff cuffs with the heavy links shot over his knuckles. "Fenwick tells me it's a single-roll stop-cylinder Wharfedale. The circulation was never more than six thousand."

"They'll manage, don't you worry," Maitland said. "And if you think they're going to keep on printing fat stock prices, farm weather reports, and the prospects for spuds and swedes, you're a long way off the mark."

"I agree with Malcolm," Henry said. "We're in for a long, hard struggle. I believe they'll fail. I'll go so far as to say they must fail. But we have to be on our toes, more than ever, and all the time. For that reason, I'll be glad to hear any suggestions."

"I think we ought to play them at their own game," Poole said. "Brighten up the paper a bit. Put more bite and punch into our news."

"If we come down to their level," Maitland said abruptly, "we're done for. The way I see it is this . . . and I know from experience that it is so. Somebody in the *Gazette* outfit, probably Somerville himself for some reason of his own, had the brainwave . . . to grab the *Northern Light*. Now, nothing is left to chance in these big organizations . . . it's all gone into very thoroughly in terms of cold-blooded finance . . . plans are made, a time schedule drawn, men picked and—this is the all-important point—a specific sum of money allocated for the job."

"This amount is available to the last penny, but mark my words, once the limit is reached, not another farthing will be forthcoming, the whole scheme is disowned, washed out, lopped off like a dead branch—and the men who have bungled it are lopped off too."

"Now, this being so, we've only got to keep our heads, sit tight, and continue getting out the paper. They may hurt us a bit, but it's going to cost them money, scads of it. I won't guess how long it will take, but one of these days, maybe with luck in twelve months or, say, eighteen, the cash will run out and our friends will fold their tents and silently depart."

It did Page good to hear this calm and practical summary of the situation, particularly since it came from Maitland. He made a sign of agreement, then said: "Just one thing more—our general attitude towards them. I feel we should ignore them."

"That's the ticket," Maitland nodded. "Behave as if they didn't exist." He added dryly: "The next thing is to wait for their first edition."

During the next few days, this was the event that everyone in the *Light* office kept looking for with an increasing sense of tension. Not until the paper appeared would they know exactly what they had against them.

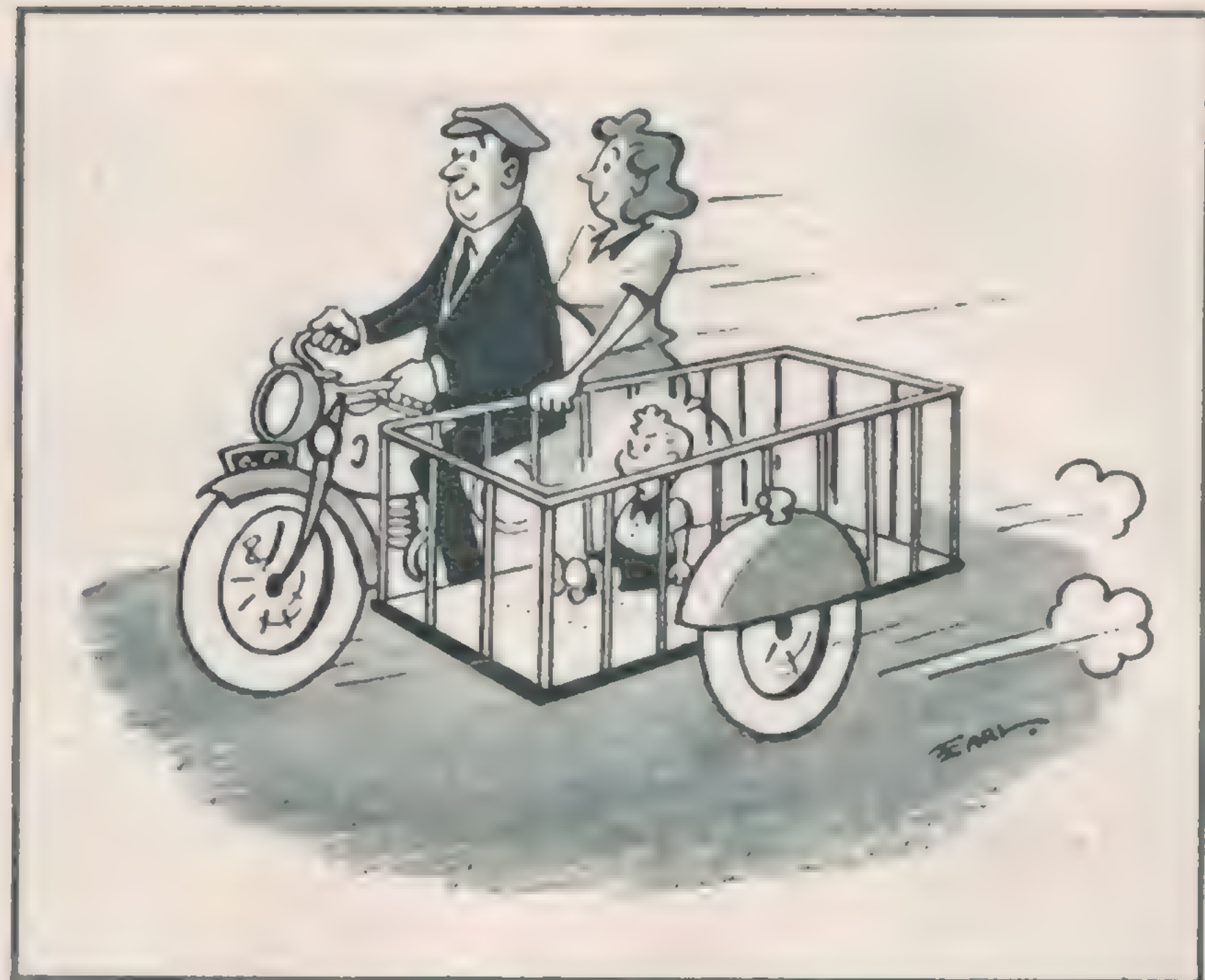
Reports and rumours were not wanting—Nye, who had taken over the campaign, was shooting them out, laying

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'The Northern Light'

continued from previous page

emphasis on the speed and efficiency with which his arrangements were being completed.

Already a considerable staff had arrived from London. Then on Saturday afternoon, March 16, a parade of men went through the town carrying boards with the splash headings:

GREAT NEWS FOR HEDLESTON
"THE DAILY CHRONICLE"
HERE MONDAY NEXT

That weekend was not an easy one for Henry. It rained heavily and the gloomy, dripping skies were in key with his state of mind. Always a poor sleeper, it was doubtful if, altogether, he had more than half a dozen hours of rest.

Monday morning came at last. As he drove to work, his eye was nervously alert for signs of unusual activity in the streets and, sure enough, opposite the Northern Savings Bank a pack of newsboys were picking up supplies from a new bright yellow *Chronicle* van.

Mounting the steps to his office, he felt his heart pumping hard against his ribs. Moffat, he knew, would have the paper—yes, it was there, laid out on his desk beside the vase of flowers she brought from her cottage garden at the beginning of the week.

He gave it a quick, almost surreptitious glance, then, arrested, caught his breath.

Half of the front page was given over to a striking futuristic picture of a plutonium separator, and beneath, in big, bold type on a red and white panel:

ATOM PLANT FOR HEDLESTON
UTLEY MOOR SITE OF NEW ATOMIC TOWN

A great new atomic centre is to be built together with a vast supporting housing scheme at Utley on the outskirts of Hedleston. The *Chronicle* in its first issue is proud to present to its readers this exclusive statement revealed by an official high on the Atomic Research Board. This carefully guarded secret, now divulged, must, apart from its national importance, prove of immense benefit to the welfare, prosperity and economic future of the community. . . .

Henry broke off and looked helplessly at Moffat. Yes, it was news of the first importance, one of the biggest things that had happened to Hedleston in the past half-century, and not only had he missed it, they had got it.

The sequence of events was now clear as day. From the very outset, foreknowledge of this scheme with its immense potential for development of the district and not, as he had been led to

believe, a special regard for his paper had been the determining factor in Somerville's approach. Aware, in advance, of the prosperity and increase of population that must inevitably ensue, Somerville had not been deterred by his refusal to sell—he would come in at all costs. Although the information leaked to him was undoubtedly secret, he had not hesitated to use it and had turned it to account, with perfect timing, to launch his drive against the *Northern Light*.

Somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in."

Young Lewis entered, with a dejected and contrite air.

"I'm sorry, sir, for not getting on to this N.R.U. thing," he began. "If only I'd guessed the U. stood for Utley. . . ."

Page seldom lost his temper. He liked Bob Lewis, a promising, hard-working youngster who had attended the grammar school with Dorothy and, in fact, occasionally called at the house to ask her to go out with him. But, at this moment, the sight of him, in his callow inexperience, which seemed to typify the utter provincial inadequacy of the *Light*'s resources, made Page flare up. He gave Lewis a thorough dressing down and sent him away.

Controlling himself, he turned to Moffat, who was watching, assessing him.

"It wasn't Bob's fault," she said. "He had no contacts on the Research Board."

Page already regretted his action, but he ignored the remark.

"I want to know how many copies of this"—he couldn't bring himself to name the *Chronicle*—"were sold. Ask Mr. Maitland to send out a man."

"There's no need. Not a single copy's been sold."

"What!"

"Ten thousand came in at six o'clock this morning. Another ten thousand expected at nine. All for free distribution. They wanted readers and they have them."

A silence fell upon the room.

"Well," Henry said firmly, "a bad beginning is a good ending. Let's get to work."

As he moved to his desk, he heard old Tom Gourlay—the blind news-vendor who made his pitch outside the building—calling the *Light*. At that moment, it seemed a thin and solitary cry.

To be continued next week

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Victor Gollancz Ltd. will publish "The Northern Light" as a novel on December 1, price 15s.

Caitlin and the King Salmon

continued from page 20

in her hand, and wouldn't spend a threepenny piece of it, until we reached the far end of the street.

"There," she said suddenly. "There's the shop I want." And, before I knew what was happening, she was pulling me across the road into a shop hung to the door with boots and shoes.

"We want a pair of shoes for himself," said Cait to the shopman, and in a minute he had me sitting down in a chair and was sliding shoes on to my feet: one pair; two pairs; three pairs; until one of them went on like one hand sliding over the other, and I knew that there weren't any shoes in the world would fit me like that pair.

I WANTED to dance in them as Cait paid for them out of her hand, and all the time afterwards in the cinema I was feeling my toes in them, and creaking them, until the woman with the torch came and told me to stop.

After the cinema we sat in a café and had lemonade to drink, and pink cakes, and every now and then I'd stretch out my two feet to look at them in their new shoes, and then I'd look at Cait; until it was dark at last, and our pockets were empty, and there was nothing to do except go home.

But there was no hurry on us and we walked slowly along the road as far as the hotel, and then down to the shore path, and the sea.

"I'll remember this day for ever," Cait whispered. "For ever and ever."

I put my arm round her and it seemed natural for it to be there, and for her head to be resting on my shoulder. I had taken off my shoes, and so had Cait, and we had the cool sand under our feet.

I would have had that walk go on for ever. But at last I recognized the shoulder of our own cliff that guards one side of the bay, and the way the

the head with a noise like a pistol shot.

She had been carrying some of the parcels, and I saw them spin upwards into the moonlit sky as she staggered sideways and fell. And in that flash of seeing them, the small things that Cait and I had bought together and she had carried, something burst in my mind, and I wasn't a child any longer, facing a man. I was a man, too.

Larry had turned back to me, his big, ungainly head between me and the stars, his hand forcing me down on to my knees. I felt the shoes in my hand, and almost before I could think I swung one of them backhanded at his chin; up from my knees almost, and round with the full swing of my body. The heel took him under the jaw and I saw his teeth click shut like a mouse-trap and his head snap back as if I'd broken his neck.

Then his hand was off me and he was staggering back across the rocks. I dropped the shoe out of my hand and jumped after him, hitting him with my fists, and he staggered back and back, then he turned and ran for his life.

"He ran," said Cait, unbelievably. "Why wouldn't he," I said, "and I after him?" And then we both laughed until we cried, and danced together on the smooth sand like hares in spring.

We never lifted another salmon for Mussoo Charles. I don't know why; it seemed different once we knew how much money there had been in it, almost like stealing. And we were different, too; not children any more.

But I still get a warm joy from the memory of Con Doyle's face as we walked into my mother's kitchen, and I with my new shoes on my feet. He had been sitting there all day, my father told me afterwards, with the old shoes cradled in his lap, and trying to trap the small children every now and then into saying that they recognized them as mine.

And then in we walked. "Ah," said Con. "The hard lad himself. Now," he said, beginning to enjoy himself, "I wonder would you do me a strange favour and show me the pair of shoes you wear."

In that moment he let his eyes fall to my feet, and saw the new shoes themselves. He knew he was beaten then, and I'll grant him he took it like a man.

"So that's them," he said. "Ah well, I just wanted to see them. You wouldn't know who owned these ones, would you?" He held out the old ones under my nose, but not with any real hope.

"I wouldn't know at all," I said, sniffing at them. "Unless maybe you tried Larry Dooley. He's a class of man that might wear broken-down old shoes like that."

"I'll ask him so," said Con, and went very heavily out of the cottage.

"And now," said my mother, putting her hands on her hips, "will you tell me what's at the back of all this before I put you across the bench and leather the answers out of you?"

My father stirred on his chimney seat, leaning forward so that the light of the fire made strong shadows of the lines and folds of his face.

"Hush, woman," he said, "leave them be." He reached out and took one hand of each of us, Cait and I, and drew us down until we were close to his knees. "What they would tell you wouldn't be what has really happened to them this day."

He took Cait's chin between his thick, brown fingers and turned it this way and that so that the firelight and the lamplight fell on it and mingled, like differing shades of gold. "They were by the pool of the nine hazels, where the salmon of knowledge lives."

"We were by St. Brigid's Well," said Cait.

"It's the same thing," said my father. "God give you joy of all you learned there."

And we have had great joy from it.

THE END

The following are the new subscription rates for "John Bull": inland and Eire £2 1s. 2d.; overseas (except Canada) £1 14s. 8d.; Canada £1 4s.

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We advise...

ON return from holiday we found scores of mysterious insects jumping about in our house, which has been built less than a year. Insecticide has failed to eradicate these pests and our children are even scared of going to bed. How can we identify the insects—and have them cleared out?—H. J., Leeds.

● You can submit specimens of your insect pests for identification to the Institute of Entomology at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. Alternatively, the department of the medical officer of health at your local council offices may be able to identify them for you.

The best people to help to clear your house of pests are the health inspectors of your local health office.

SLOW BOAT TO . . . ?

I'M keen on taking a cargo-boat trip in January-February. Suggestions, please, as to where to go and what it will cost.—G. M., Taunton.

● Your outline is too vague—you do not say whether you want to be away two weeks or two months, nor whether you are thinking in terms of £40 or £140.

However—here is one short, one long, cargo boat suggestion. Short: from London or Liverpool, by small Spanish freighter carrying twelve passengers, to the Canaries. The round voyage lasts about eleven days, cost from £40.

Long: Round voyage to the Gulf of Mexico, visiting probably Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, Houston, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, Tampico, Havana, Cuba. . . . By French, Dutch, German or Scandinavian freighter, the voyage lasts seven-nine weeks, and the cost from a U.K. port is from £200.

Very early booking is essential, and remember that the first consideration of a cargo ship is its cargo; it does not stick to schedule with the precision of a liner, whose first consideration is its passengers.

CURTAIN WIDTH

WHEN I moved into our new house, I found that my very pretty bedroom curtains, which are made for a tall narrow window, are a little too narrow for my new window.

Unfortunately, I have none of the material left, and I do not want to put a border on the curtains. Can I adapt them in any way?—Mrs. L. M. S., Bingley.

● I think that the best solution to this problem is to make a pair of inner curtains in some toning colour which can be drawn right across the window behind your main curtains, and fill in the gap between them. In daytime the inner curtains will be hidden behind the others.

DRIVING DOWN UNDER

CAN you tell me whether British motorists emigrating to Australia have to take another driving test on arrival, or whether a British licence is valid?—M. C., Liverpool.

● If your British licence is still current on arrival in Australia, you must apply to the police registration office immediately for a temporary licence.

This costs 2s. 6d. and is valid for twenty-eight days. After this period expires, you must apply for an annual licence, costing ten shillings. The police may then require a test.

BUNKER SHOT

OUTSIDE my back door I am building a coal bunker, and want to mix mortar for the brickwork. This is the first time I have attempted to do this, and I am a little worried about how I achieve the right consistency. Can you help me?—H. M., Stockport.

● The easiest way for you is not to try to mix the mortar for yourself. The Marley Tile people have brought out a new range of ready-mixed concrete in five dry mixes—you just buy a bag of whichever one you need for your purpose and mix it with water. Marleymix costs from 7s. 6d. to 8s. a bag, from your local builder's merchants.

TAIL DOCKING

I AM told that my cross-bred puppy has to have his tail docked. Is this in fact necessary?—F. M., Kings Lynn.

● The docking of dogs' tails is not essential, but for many years certain breeds have had their tails shortened in puppyhood.

Owners of working dogs, such as spaniels, have this done in the belief that when the dogs are going through brambles and thickets a long tail would be a hindrance.

If you think your cross-bred dog will look unbalanced with a long tail, and you have no objections to the procedure, ask your veterinary surgeon to dock him.

WHAT'S OUR POSITION?

WE have rented our house for twenty years and we are now going to buy it for £1,500. We have been asked to forward a cheque to cover costs and stamp duty. The mortgage will be granted in the very near future and we should like to know how we stand.—Mrs. W. D., Loughton, Essex.

● No stamp duty is payable on the conveyance of a house valued at £1,500, but stamp duty of five shillings per cent is payable on the value of the mortgage.

COCK OR HEN?

HOW can I tell the difference between a male and female budgerigar when buying one?—R. H., Esher, Surrey.

● In the male, the cere, or skin covering the base of the beak, is blue. In the female it is brown.

MONEY IN GAS

I HAVE a sum of money invested in three per cent British Gas Stock. Can I get my capital back from British Gas on application? If not, what must I do if I want the money?—A. V. S., Exeter.

● The Gas Stock will be redeemed at par some time between 1990 and 1995. Meanwhile the only way to realize on the stock would be to sell it on the Stock Exchange.

You would have to do it through a stockbroker, or, if you have a bank account, the bank would arrange it for you.

BOIL THE KNOCKS

IS there any way to get dents out of wooden furniture?—T. S. D., Derby.

● If the dents are not too deep, you can sometimes get them out with boiling water. Pour this over the dents: it will cause the grain to expand slightly.

Allow the wood to dry and rub down with fine glasspaper. You may have to do this once or twice to remove all trace of the dent.

TILE AND TROUBLE

OUR kitchen has an old wooden floor, by no means even, and I would like to lay linoleum tiles on top of it. Do I just put them directly on to the floor and make them bend to fit it?—J. R. F., Brixton.

● No, this would be very bad for the tiles, and you would find that they soon wore over the uneven patches. The best way to prepare the floor for the tiles is to lay hardboard all over it, with the rough side upwards.

This will provide a key for the adhesive when you stick the tiles down.

LICENCE FOR SMOKES

WE want to keep a small stock of cigarettes at our social club, for sale to members. Is there any need to obtain a tobacco licence? How is one obtained?—G. M. W., Hull.

● If the stock is to be bought out of club funds for sale to members only, and if profits are ploughed back into club funds, a licence is not needed. Should members of the public be able to buy the cigarettes, or a member of the club make a profit out of the sale, a licence must be obtained.

It costs 5s. 3d. annually, and is issued by the Customs and Excise.

MARKS ON THE WALL

WE have just had the staircase wall papered, and I am rather worried to see greasy marks appearing already where the children paw the wall on their way down the stairs. I don't want to have to paper it again in a month. What can I do to clean it?—W. McS., Greenock.

● Greasy marks which are there already can be removed by putting a couple of thicknesses of blotting paper over them and ironing with a hot iron. The iron melts the grease and the blotting paper absorbs it.

But I should protect your wall for the future by treating it with Fend, a transparent lacquer which does not change the colour of the paper, and can be wiped down. Fend costs 8s. 3d. a quart, 5s. a pint, from wallpaper shops.

DANGEROUS MEAT?

I HAVE been told that if I feed my dog on raw meat he'll become savage. Is this so?—Q. V. S., Maidstone.

● No, this is not true any more than it is in the case with meat that has been cooked. After all, the dog is a meat-eater. The main factor to consider is the source of the meat.

Meat that has been passed for human consumption may be fed raw, but meat from the knacker should always be cooked for safety.

UNWANTED BOOKS

WHERE can one dispose of old books? I am moving into a flat which will not accommodate my present stock. It is surprisingly difficult to give them away. Surely somebody would be glad of them?—T. M. R., Crewe.

● The crews of merchant ships always welcome gifts of books and magazines, and the Seafarers' Education Service, 207 Balham High Road, London, S.W.17, will gladly forward them for you.

As the books are likely to be transferred from ship to ship on the lending library system, it is advisable to offer only those that are in good condition.

STREAMLINED STAIRS

I WANT to bring my staircase up-to-date, and get rid of old-fashioned wooden stair rods. Is there any streamlined method of fixing stair-carpet that I can use?—Mrs. B. W., Rye.

● You could, of course, use stair-clips which show less than rods, but one of the least noticeable methods of fixing that I have seen is "Satinflex" rods, which are plastic covered spring steel made in six colours, and very simply fixed with one screw at either end.

These rods are available throughout the country in three sizes, prices from 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d.

A new look for your floor

WE have just had our parquet floor sanded, and I am looking for a surfacing product to treat it, something that doesn't need a lot of looking after. I don't want to change the colour.—N. P., Bangor.

● The answer to your problem is one of the new plastic floor seals. It has to be applied to a surface free of wax.

One such seal is Glitsa, which costs 7s. for a gallon of heavy grade. One gallon will treat about twenty-five square yards with two coats. It takes two hours to dry, is colourless and will not need polishing.



£1,500

WELL OVER

CASH heads Bullets 100 CHEQUES

plus 3,100 Other Prizes and

5,000 (or more) ENTHRALLING 220-PAGE BIRTHDAY GIFT BOOKS

GIANT OFFER celebrates Bullets 46th BIRTHDAY!

MAKE this Monster Bullets Celebration your week of "Happy Returns"! Well over £1,500,000 has already been paid out in the only real Fun With Words Contest. Now comes a £1,500 array of dazzling opportunities for you—headed by a £1,000 fortune.

There are thousands of must-be-won prizes, including 100 cheques. And your coupon tells you how to secure, whether you win or not, a 220-page Birthday Gift Book which will delight you.

Start having Fun With Words TODAY and post your "Birthday Week" coupon by Monday, October 13!

Follow them to £1,000!



WHAT do people write about in the Fun With Words Contest? A few weeks ago, Mrs. I. Moore (53 Garden Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey) chose this year's wet summer as a Bullets subject. Here's what she said about it: **Back From Holiday—Drizzle, To Sizzle—Swizzle!** That amusing effort filled Mrs. Moore's home with a thousand rays of golden sunshine—a £1,000 First Prize. Such simple words can win you this week's £1,000!



YOU can have Fun With Words anywhere! On the left, you see a coastguard who finds Bullets just the job for long night watches. He's Mr. J. D. Scott (114 Mansfield Road, Torry, Aberdeen) who recently used Bullets to reply to those people who say Britain's finished. His well-chosen words were: **The Old Bulldog—Slipping? Yes, Inflation's "Collar"!** They won him a retirement nest-egg of £1,000!



MRS. C. CRICHTON (33 Anwoth Street, Tollcross, Glasgow) relaxes with John Bull and Bullets when her day's chores are done. An Example in a recent Contest made her wonder whether atomic science will make this world a heaven or a hell. She condensed her thoughts into this punchy Bullet: **Within Reach—Atomic Heydays? Atomic Hades?** Those words, which you could have thought of, won Mrs. Crichton £1,000!

£1,000

CASH 1st PRIZE

JOY WIRE
WED.
OCT. 22

THIS WAY TO WIN

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 1s. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 25, for early news of Bullets No. 2,162 First Prize Award.)

100 CHEQUES ARRIVING SAT., OCT. 25

£100	£50	£25	£20
£19	£18	£17	£16
£15	£14	£13	£12
£11	£10	£9	£8
£7	£6	£5	80 of £1

100 BIRTHDAY SPECIALS 3,000 4-in-1 PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP

£250 CASH IN BIRTHDAY MONTH BONUSES—see coupon

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners below. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

World In A Mess	The Manager Smiled And
Magician Macmillan	Those Fireworks
The Cyprus Story	Cutting Out The Frills
A Man's Job	The Backroom Boys
Amongst The Great	A Sobering Thought
The Go-ahead Signal	Heard In The Naafi
All Around Us	Just For The Fun Of It
Gangsters, Thugs, Hooligans	Marked "Urgent"
In Little Rock	Mother's Advice
Farming	At Our Works Dance

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Can't Afford A....., So Sure To Be.....
Where Russia..... Invading The.....
Unwanted..... That.....Of Theirs

● ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,162, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99 ●

POST THIS GIANT BIRTHDAY OFFER COUPON by MON., OCT. 13

EXAMPLE	1s.
BULLET	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	

Bullets	Signed	* If entering 5 efforts, complete this FREE GIFT LABEL
2,162	Address	
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value	No.	
£250 CASH BONUS to be shared by those winners of the TOP TEN cheques in Contests 2,160/2,163 whose successful efforts were one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.		Name Address

LATEST WINNERS—BULLETS 2,157

£350 plus £175 3-in-1 Presentation, or £500 lump sum: R. Chalk, 14 Percy Road, Watford, Herts:

- Example: The Old Country**
Bullet: "Curiosity Shop"—And "Supermarket"!
- £25 C. J. Kienlen, 20 Catherine Road, London, N.15: In The Arab Camp—Strange Bedfellows—Mahomet, Marx!
 - £10 Mrs. E. Wratten, 22 Birkbeck Road, Hutton, Brentwood: The Old Country—"Swell!"—"Magnifique!"—"Not Bad!"
 - £9 H. V. Lambshire, 100 Valentine Court, London, S.E.23: The Old Country—Is World's Crowded "Classroom"?
 - £8 E. Jenkins, 2 Arfryn Place, Twynrodyn, Merthyr Tydfil: To Escape The Mob—Planters Evacuating West Indies?
 - £7 G. Gladwell, 21 Salt Hill Way, Slough, Bucks: The Old Country—Now Closing Space Gap?
 - £6 D. T. Wilkins, 61 Upper Bristol Road, Weston-super-Mare: The Old
 - Country — "Moss-grown"? Ask Rolling Stone!
 - £5 J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol: With A Dash Of Navy's—Tea, Steam-roller's Squeak Departed!
 - £5 Miss D. Perry, 4 Church Cottages, Easton-in-Gordano, Bristol: A Faded Flower—In Mac's "Garland"—Cyprus.
 - £5 D. Roberts, 17 Oolite Grove, Odd Down, Bath: Never Knows—What Surgeon Suffers—Patient.
- For ten winners of £2 10s see Bullets Bulletin, 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

★ FIRST CHRISTMAS FEASTS COMING NEXT WEEK!



Be tingling-fresh!

Brush with Gibbs SR and you'll be tingling-fresh. That tingle comes from SR's Sodium Ricinoleate which protects your gums as well as your teeth. So brush your teeth and gums—morning and night—with SR and your whole mouth will be tingling-fresh . . .

and that tingle tells you

S.R. is good for teeth and gums
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